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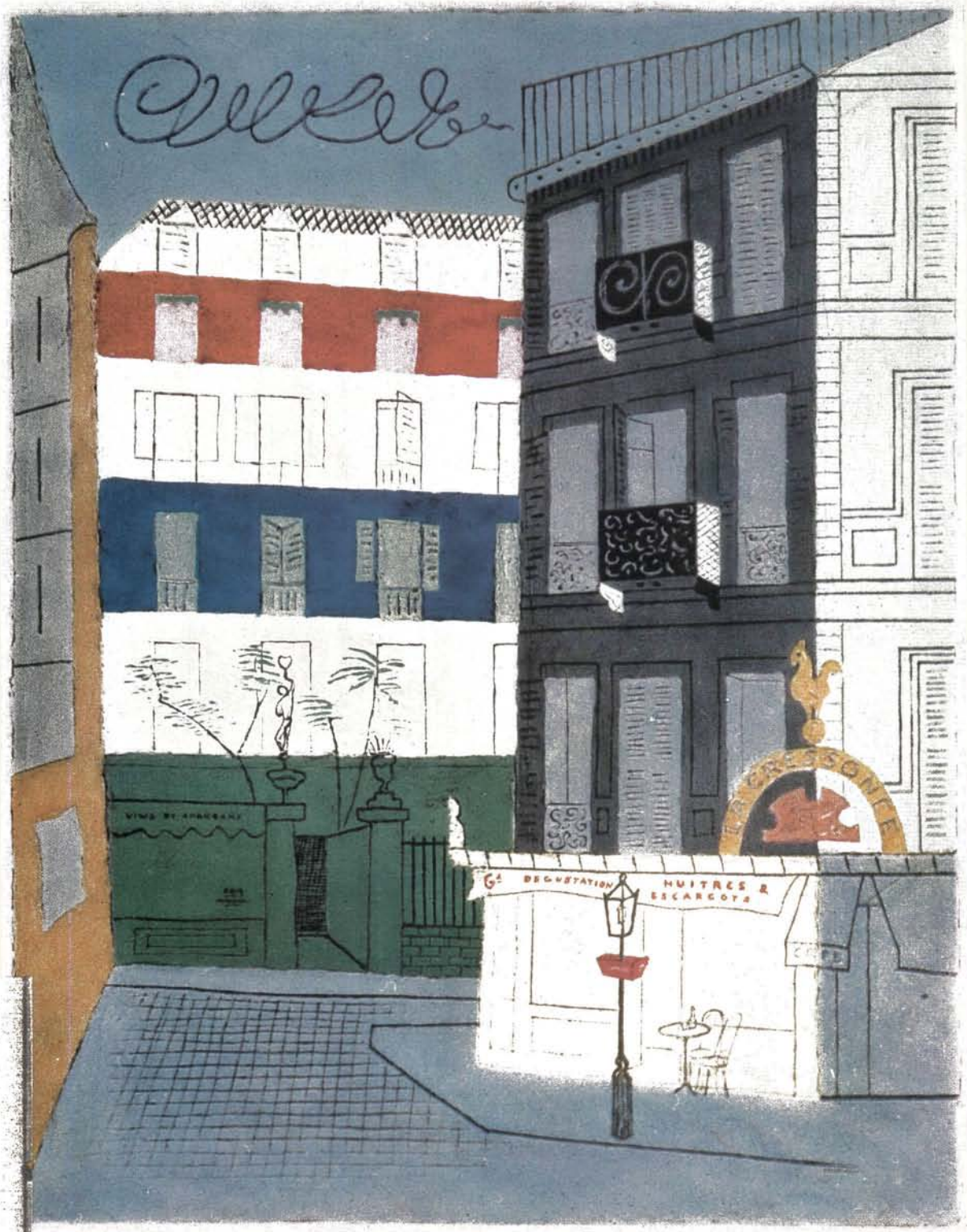
Saturday Review

June 5, 1965 25¢



"Place Pasdeloup," by Stuart Davis (See page 38)

WHO SHOULD GOVERN MEDICINE? By John Lear

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Again this year, seven million American fathers will drive twelve billion miles with sixteen million youngsters in the back seat. (When are we going to stop, daddy?)

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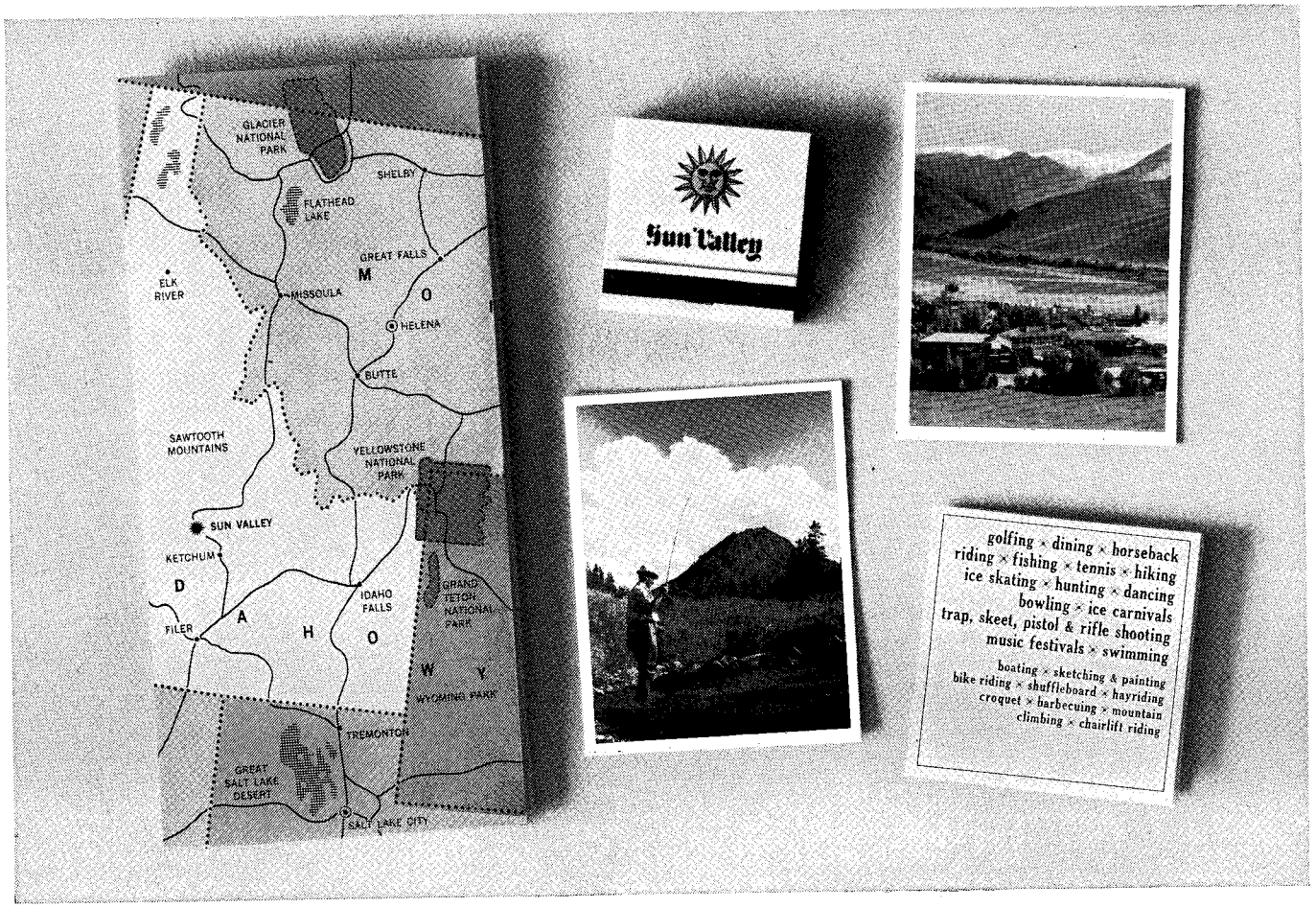

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Saturday Review

June 5, 1965

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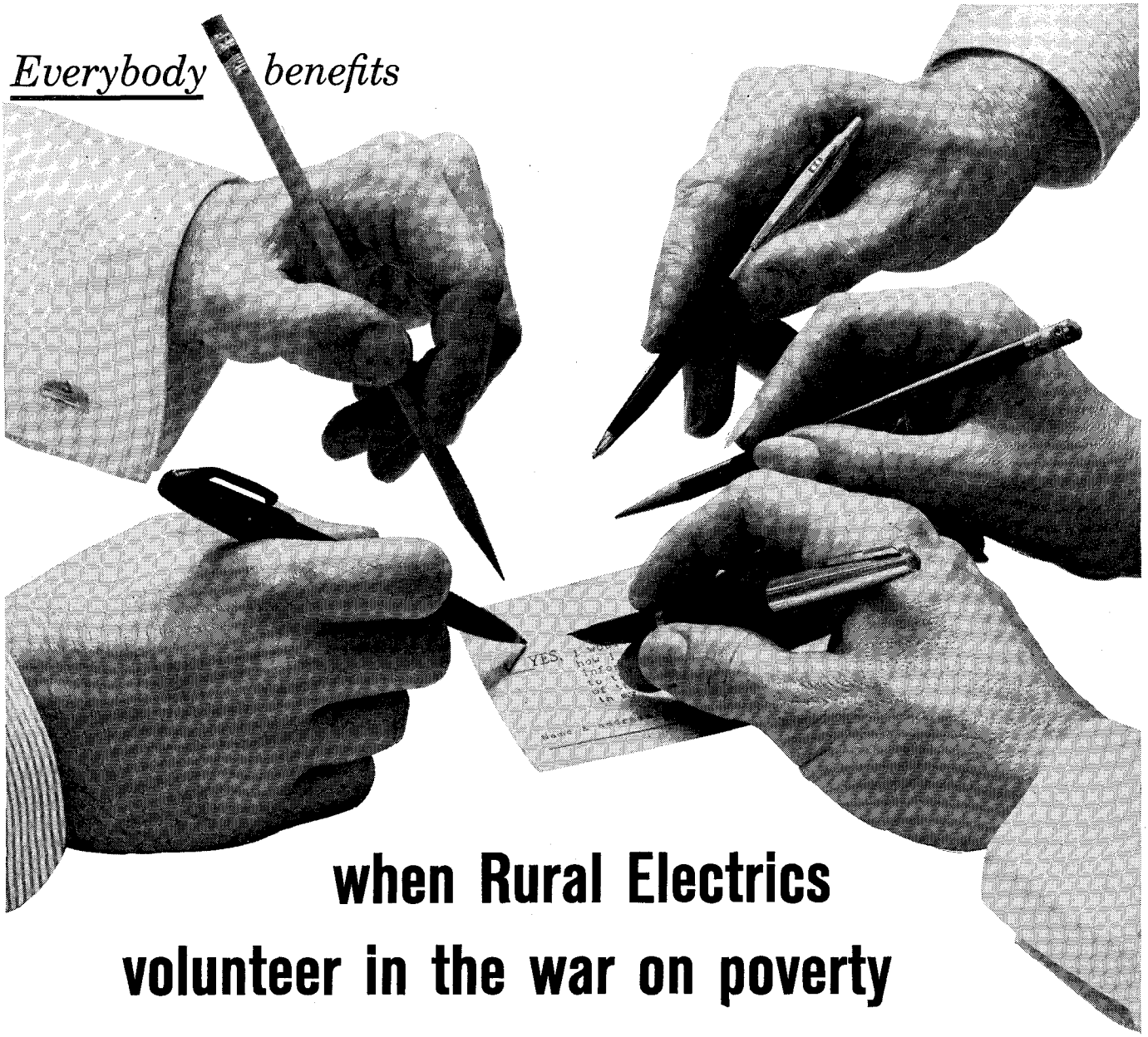
Everybody benefits



when Rural Electrics volunteer in the war on poverty

Recently America's consumer-owned rural electric systems were asked to volunteer their services in our nation's war against poverty. Within a matter of days more than 250 rural electrics in 41 states agreed to help by explaining in their communities the opportunities which are available to deserving young people through the anti-poverty program.

Rural electrics are no strangers to poverty, its tragedy and some of the solutions for combating it. Only one-third of our nation's population lives in rural America, yet rural America houses almost half of our country's poverty-stricken.

For many years rural electrics have been working to fight poverty and raise living standards in the nation's rural areas. With the help of Rural Electrification Administration loans, rural electrics are bringing vital electric power to the countryside at rates everyone can afford. As a result of their efforts to develop rural industry, more than 125,000 new jobs have already been created. Now rural electrics are participating in new area development projects which will produce thousands of additional jobs in the months and years ahead.

Once again America's rural electrics are working with local and national officials to bring new hope and new opportunity to the areas they serve . . . and *everybody* benefits.

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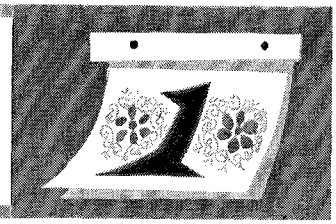
First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

FROM *Science* magazine, via *Think* magazine—which is about as far around as we care to go—comes news of extraordinary things that will soon be done for us by computers. It boggles the mind and beggars the imagination, it does—and furthermore it doesn't put anybody out of work.

Anyway, according to Walter Gropius, computers soon will be able to help the architect "free his creative power by shortening his working process." And architect George Dudley of UCLA goes further—he states that the day is coming when computers can "design all steel work in a building" and can even "convert loose sketches of buildings into nearly finished elevation studies."

In any case, as if architecture weren't enough, a man named Edward Bowles of IBM pointed out that computers could also be used elsewhere. Although Mr. Bowles particularly stressed art history—"the retrieval" of photographic materials from "photographic archives"—it was clear he thought it was only a matter of time before the computer could have a go at art itself.

Well, we've had pop art and op art, and we suppose it's only simple computer logic to expect the next step—comp, or, perhaps, pu art. Besides architecture and art, however, an MIT man named Ercolino Ferretti, after, it was made clear, a "two-year study of mathematics, physics, electronics, and acoustics," is now strong for the use of computers in music. He has designed a system not only for composing, on punched cards, his own compositions—or perhaps we should say computositions—but also for performing these by "electronic synthesis of musical wave forms."

Accompanied, we hope, by good syngthesis voices. But, no matter. Up at Harvard a man by the name of Stephan Thernstrom, who is an instructor in history and literature, has really taken the computer bull by the tail and determined to write, via computers, a whole book—one for which the computer has evidently not yet got a title but which he calls "a large-scale social history of Boston."

A social history of Boston, for pity's sake. And on a large scale, too. Why the man couldn't be wronger. The social history of Boston couldn't be smaller. He doesn't need a computer—he needs microfilm.

Last but not least, and our favorite of these computer birds, is a man named Ole R. Holsti. He's an assistant professor of political science at Stanford and, not content with architecture, art, music, and books, he believes computers can be used "to give historians and political scientists new insight into theories of international relations and decision-making." Professor Holsti explains that computers "can give us a better understanding of the climate of international crises . . . by content analysis of diplomatic documents on punched cards"—working with, he adds, "the frequency of words such as 'threat,' 'distrust,' 'attack,' 'hostility,' etc."

Well, one thing's certain. Professor Holsti must have been having a field day this past month, with Vietnam and Santo Domingo. And, as we thought about him, we had a terrifying thought—that maybe it wasn't true what we've been reading about that "awesome foursome," as they call them: McNamara, Ball, Bundy, and Rusk. You don't suppose—no, it *couldn't* be. They *must* be real people.

• • •

Just on the chance we do have to replace our advisers, however, we were interested to see, during the month, an item which stated that "Raymond Burr, alias Perry Mason, has arrived in Saigon and has spent a day meeting with Ambassador Maxwell Taylor and Generals Westmoreland, Stillwell, and Sternberg."

Mr. Burr is, of course, best known as a defense attorney, and while frankly we think the government, judging by its actions, would have preferred more of a prosecuting type, still we think the idea is wonderful. Foreign policy, we've always said, is too important to be trusted to foreign politicians.

We hope, however, that this idea isn't going to be limited to Mr. Burr—or even Mr. Burr together with E. G. Marshall and Robert Reed.

What about, for example, the entire cast of *Baker Street*? All right, Burr and Marshall and Reed may be more up to date but Sherlock Holmes was no slouch either. And where, may we ask, is Nero Wolfe? If there's one thing we need in Vietnam, it's a real sleuth—to find out what's going on. And then he can come

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back and tell the rest of us all about it.

And, to attract the younger critics, what about those men from U.N.C.L.E., Napoleon Solo and Illya Kuriakin? All right, they like to work alone, but there's no reason they couldn't at least *confer* with our generals.

• • •

On the lecture front during the month, we had a memorable prelecture meeting with Robert Crawford, vice president of New York's St. Nicholas Society. Mr. Crawford told us that his society had had some very unusual meetings of late. At one of them he heard one waiter say to another, "Well, at least we're going to get home early tonight." What, he was asked, made him so sure? "Because," he replied, "I picked up ten pages of the speech with the main course." Mr. Crawford also told us that he always made his introductions as brief as possible, but that last month he had broken his record. What, we asked him, did he say? "I said," Mr. Crawford told us, " 'Our speaker tonight needs no introduction—because he failed to show up.' "

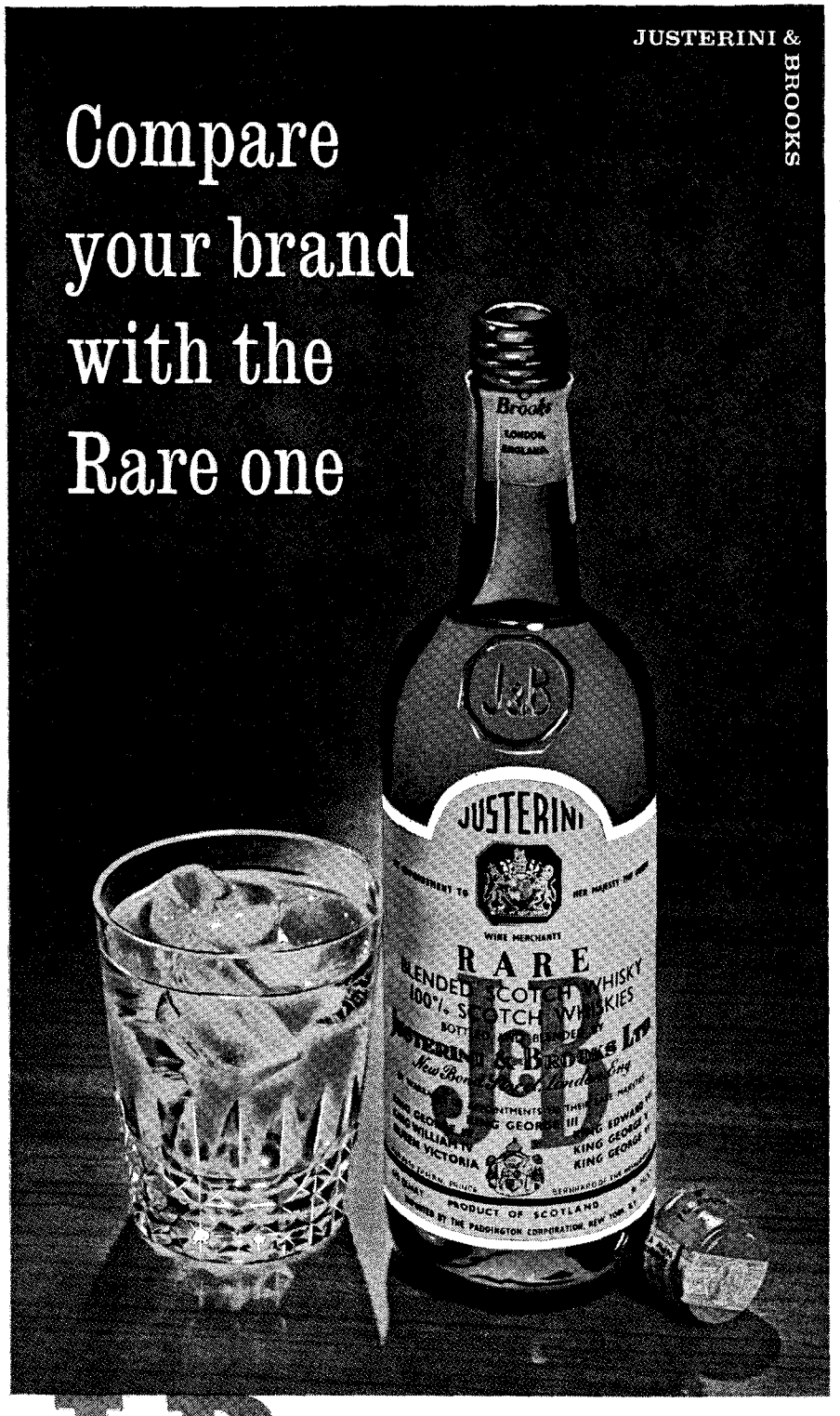
• • •

On the theater front, five off-Broadway shows opened in just one week. One new play opened with no written title at all—just a drawn rectangle. But the real off-Broadway hit of the season was the five-performance-only musical pageant, *Noye's Fludde*, by Benjamin Britten, put on by St. George's Church at Stuyvesant Square. This production, which involved a cast of eighty, including a host of children down to five years old, as well as the entire congregation's taking part in the hymns, was not only an extremely moving experience and an almost incredible success—20,000 people asked for tickets—but was also all part of the remarkable program of the remarkable Reverend Edward Miller to make his church a vital part of the community and to go back to the very origins of drama itself—church theater. "It is," he told us, "meaningful for young and old, people of all faiths and perhaps of no faith. Religion need not always be deadly serious and austere."

As if to prove his point, Mr. Miller also told those of us lucky enough to be in the audience for the final performance that the printer had made a mistake in one digit of the church's phone number. "I kept wondering," he said, "who might be being disturbed day and night with calls about Noah's Flood. Finally the man called me. He was very irate. 'Listen, he said, 'all night I get calls about Noah's Flood. It's very embarrassing in my business.' "

"May I inquire," Mr. Miller asked politely, "the nature of your business?"

"You may, Reverend," snapped the caller. "I'm a plumber."



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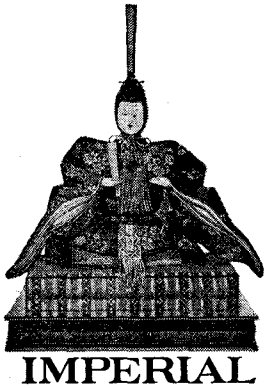
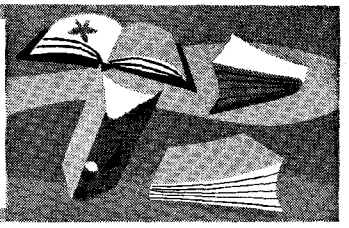


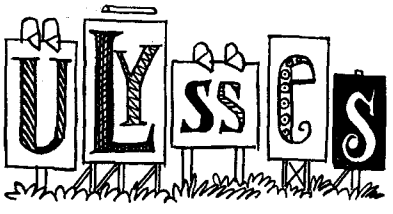
IMPERIAL HOTEL, TOKYO

T. Inumaru, President and General Manager

Trade Winds



Having spent many years researching the subject, Alfred Paul Berger has concluded that James Joyce was a frustrated adman. Mr. Berger is vice president of an agency, Mogul, Williams and Saylor. He has found in *Ulysses* more than one hundred references to advertising and promotional ideas, including the term, "your friendly neighborhood dealer." (Joyce once coined a slogan for Guinness Ale which the company rejected. Maybe that turn-down got him started on his career as an author.)



In *Ulysses* one of the characters, Leopold Bloom, is an advertising salesman for a newspaper. He tried a little payola once, Berger points out, when, in trying to get a client to renew an advertising contract, Bloom promised that he would arrange editorial support in the paper in return.

In another place in *Ulysses*, Joyce wrote sarcastically of "the gentle art of advertisements." He also said, "The best place for an ad to catch a woman's eye is on a mirror." By the 1920s, though, Mr. Berger is sad to disclose, Joyce was upset about abuses in advertising. He became a critic and referred to admen as "hard-sell barkers."

The very first book Alice-Leone Moats ever wrote was ghost-written, she confessed the other day on Duncan MacDonald's New York radio show. Perhaps you'll be surprised to hear who the ghost was. In the early Thirties publisher George Putnam asked Miss Moats to do a book on etiquette for young girls.

When Putnam saw the finished manuscript he decided it would be necessary to hire a ghost writer. Miss Moats was determined not to give up. She wrote a report on the book and what was wrong with it, and rewrote the first chapter. She showed this to Putnam, declaring it had been done by "a very famous writer who, because he likes me very much, would ghost the book for very little money."

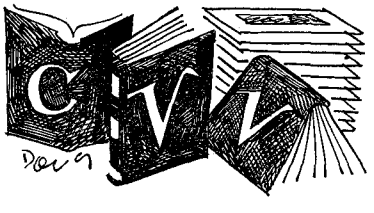
Putnam said okay, and Miss Moats sat down and rewrote the book. When it came time to pay the "famous writer," she said, "Just make the check out to me. I'll see that he gets it."

As it turned out, Putnam still didn't like the book. Knopf finally published it. It was called *No Nice Girl Swears* and it became a best-seller, probably the only book ghosted by its own author, something George Putnam never found out.

An event of major importance in the publishing world is taking place this week. From May 30 to June 5 the International Publishers Association is holding its Seventeenth International Congress in Washington. It is the first time in the seventy-year history of the organization that the meeting has taken place in the United States, and it will be the last for a good many years.

More than 1,000 representatives and other interested parties from the book and music publishing industries of thirty countries from every continent will meet to discuss and hear papers read on the theme "Publishing in an Age of Change." In addition to the business sessions, the congress will also feature the participation of Secretary of State Rusk, Pearl Buck, Archibald MacLeish, and Duke Ellington, among others.

Another event I want to mention is an exhibition honoring the life and work of Carl Van Vechten, to be held during the month of June at the San Francisco Public Library, Civic Center. The critic, novelist, and photographer died last December at the age of eighty-four. He was a contributor to *SR* from its very birth. The exhibition of books, periodicals, programs, and letters are from the collection of Paul Padgette. There will be 150 photographs by Van Vechten of writers, singers, actors, and artists, and many other memorable things from his productive past.



Author Leonard L. Levinson made a trip to Italy in connection with a book he's doing on Italian cooking. When he returned home he told *Variety* about movie censorship in the tiny hill town of Sacrofano. The only cinema is in the

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parish hall and the local priest screens the films in advance. During the public showings, he sits in back near the projector. When he recognizes a sexy scene coming up, he puts his hand up and cuts off the light beam, blacking out the picture.

In the Union of South Africa there is a very complicated separation of races. For example, whereas those of Chinese extraction are listed as non-white, Japanese are included in the white category. It recently confused a Johannesburg bus driver. He was at the wheel of a "white" bus when he was hailed by an Oriental. He slowed down, looked carefully, and finally concluded that the man was a Chinese. Unfortunately, he was wrong. The would-be passenger was Japanese, and the bus driver was suspended for two weeks without pay for not opening the door of the white bus for him.

Sharps and Flats: In Rowayton, Connecticut, the PTA has raised some money to buy a cushion for the bench outside the principal's office.

► A teacher named John Holt has written an unusual book called *How*

Children Fail, which describes what goes on inside a classroom. Pitman, the publishers, got an order from a school principal in Alabama for one copy of "How to Fail Children."

► In Norfolk, Virginia, Easy Street is a dead end.

► Florence Seigel received a notice from a magazine to the effect that her lifetime subscription was due to expire.

► Bob Carpenter found this in a fellow student's lecture notes at Walla Walla High School: "Quantitative Hedonism is not to be thought of as the proverbial eat, drink and be married."

► In New York State if you advocate the overthrow of the government your driver's license will be revoked.

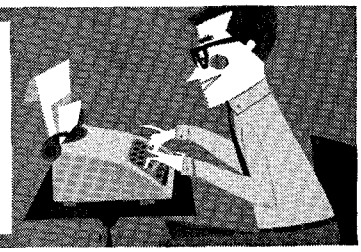
—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1625)

Harold Lamb:
GENGHIS KHAN

In the later years of his life, obedience to the Khan was absolute. The general of a division, stationed a thousand miles from the court, submitted to being relieved of his command and executed, at the order of the Khan, brought by a common courier.

Top of My Head



What's Old?

I RUN INTO a lot of people who say they were in their doctors' offices the other day and while waiting they picked up a copy of *Saturday Review* and read this or that column of mine. Of course that's one way to subscribe to *SR*—the cowardly way.

The courageous way is to send a check to the subscription department. At least you would be a little more *au courant*. One doctor's patient told me he just read my piece on Adlai Stevenson's poignant concession speech to Dwight Eisenhower. Which will give you some kind of a musty hint about his doctor's office. Also about his doctor, who doubtless prescribes Vaseline for everything and has a goodly store of leeches on hand.

The classic joke about a doctor's office used to be old copies of *National Geographic*. More modern doctors display something a little livelier. My doctor has some old copies of *Time*. Also *Life*. After all, that's what I came looking for in my doctor's office—a little more time, a little more life. And as I sat there wondering what he had discovered during a recent checkup—whether to operate or just touch up the X-rays—my eye fell on a stack of pamphlets on a window ledge. They were printed by the Wilson Research Foundation and were titled *The Complete Woman*. Well, besides time and life the complete woman was also something I had been looking for. But I never thought to look in a doctor's office. So, with great eagerness, I began reading it:

"There were very few old women in the Roman Empire. Life expectancy was about 23 years. At the turn of the century it had risen to 48 years. And there has been recently a marked increase in life expectancy for the woman. A boy born today can expect to live to 68.5 years. A girl, 75.1 years."

Since I was born a boy I began to worry. I wondered why we had been shortchanged like that. It seemed totally unfair. Who made up that rule? Who is this Wilson Foundation Research who gives me 68.5 years and my wife 75.1? I have enough trouble with the Nielsen ratings. Now I have something else to worry about.

"The civilized world is becoming full of women past fifty."

Yes, but try to find one who'll admit being past fifty.

"Such women were once considered old."

Only by women. There are men who consider them old at nineteen.

"However, a large part of their lives is still ahead of them. Many women will live into their eighties or longer."

I threw the pamphlet back on the window ledge and asked the nurse in attendance for a tranquilizer. She said she couldn't give it to me without a prescription. Little did she care about me. She was born a girl. She knew she was going to reach eighty in about fifty years.

Like all good nurses, she thought to calm me and get rid of whatever was troubling my mind by suggesting: "The doctor will be another half hour. Why don't you take a walk—stretch your legs?" Well, there was therapy I hadn't counted on. I always stretch my legs when I walk. Besides, it was my years I was interested in stretching. But I hadn't eaten anything that morning so I walked over to a restaurant and made short Schrafft of breakfast.

WHEN I returned, there were two middle-aged ladies now seated in the doctor's office. They stared at me and I at them. They outstared me. I thought they looked disgustingly smug with their eighty-year expectancy while I sat there uncomfortably with my 68.5 showing all over the place.

Then it suddenly dawned on me. It's true! When I read the obituary page of the *Times* I never see any women's names or pictures. They must have some secret formula we men don't know about. Maybe it's because they keep themselves in good shape with all those exercises they are constantly taking—teasing their hair by the hour (that's pretty strenuous) and holding that telephone receiver to the ear interminably (that strengthens the arm and mouth muscles).

The only thing men do is get out there every day and push people around and get pushed around themselves, toting that barge and lifting that bale, trying to keep up the payments on those life insurance policies we 68.5s are going to leave to our 75.1s.

Well, why not? At any age the ladies *are* delightful, delectable and, most important, deductable.

—Goodman Ace.

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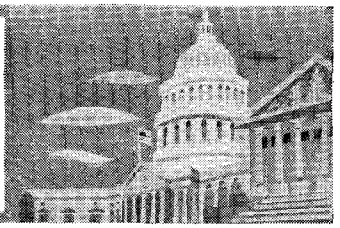
State of Affairs



More Heat and Light

THE RECENT "teach-in" concerning policy in Vietnam did not produce any more winners or losers nor, I would assume, converts. But it did help to clarify the issues as well as to prove that there is not only honest disagreement between scholars and government spokesmen, but among scholars themselves. And the more questioners from the audience pressed for practical policy alternatives the more it became clear how intractable this problem is, how limited such alternatives are.

Even though at present the polls show that a handsome majority of the public appears to support his actions both in Vietnam and in the Dominican Republic, there is a growing concern about the President's handling of foreign policy that is not limited to the academic world but is shared by the most responsible Washington correspondents—and by a good many officials when they speak from the heart rather than from official briefs.

Under the American system the President alone is responsible for foreign policy decisions. There is no cabinet responsibility to spread the burden—as under the British system. It is, therefore, all the more important for an American President to create the kind of advisory machinery around him that will inspire confidence that these decisions are reached only after careful deliberation.

It may be quite unfair, but there is talk that the advice the President is getting is too limited; that the days when both hawks and doves roosted around the White House conference table passed with the taming of the hawks by a consensus-minded, self-assertive President. An impression is also gaining ground that important decisions are at times being taken without sufficient reflection, and with an excessive show of power—the latter because the President believes it will impress our rivals as well as opinion at home.

There is outward evidence of lack of preparation in the President's incessant speech-making. Some of the prepared speeches, such as the one he delivered on the eve of the landing of the Marines in the Dominican Republic, have been too hastily drafted, and when he speaks off the cuff his words lack the nuance that Presidential utterances should have. All this tends to undermine reliance in the President's pronouncements. There is also some evidence that the President's foreign-policy decisions are too much influenced by domestic policy considerations.

WHETHER through the President's penchant for secrecy or through haphazardness, the decision-making process in the White House seems to have become blurred to such an extent that credibility in the system itself has suffered. There is a feeling in the State Department, for example, that many of the day-to-day decisions in some of the most crucial areas are taken without enough searching consultation with the experts on the middle level—with the result that these experts feel they have become outsiders. The winged phrase in Washington these days is: "What the capital needs is a good night's sleep"—an allusion to the President's habit of wakening often to ask for the latest reports from the various trouble spots.

These impressions may be unjust—for the President also has a very cautious streak. His aides stress that it is really that side that is the more dominant. To bear this out they cite that it was he who delayed the decision to bomb North Vietnam—though it had been proposed to him by various advisers several months earlier; that it was he who insisted on keeping these raids limited to military targets. It is also explained that he goes to great lengths in seeking advice, that at times when he is unable to get full agreement on a certain proposed action he drops the idea altogether. He has also made a great effort to see to it that the coexistence mood between the United States and the Soviet Union does not wither on the vine because of American actions in Vietnam.

There is, nevertheless, little doubt that it was in response to growing criticism that the President finally decided to offer negotiations in his Johns Hopkins speech. (For twenty-four hours before its delivery the speech did not contain this offer.) It was, perhaps, also in reply to outside criticism that the President ordered a temporary cessation of the bombing of North Vietnam.

It was this evolution in American policy that, by the time the national "teach-in" took place here, had taken some of the sting out of the scholars' criticism of government policy. But the attention and interest this occasion aroused was proof that teachers and professors in this age of mass education are themselves becoming a mass. Their ranks have swelled to something like 400,000 and even with the majority among them silent, they are becoming a more important political "lobby" group than perhaps ever before. They have today more access to the "corridors of power" (a good many of the challengers of the government's policy are quite proud of their status as consultants to the government!) and to the mass media than ever before.

Thus *Meet the Press*, with its audience of 10,000,000, had two of the antagonists at the "teach-in" as its guests the following Sunday. This sort of thing places great responsibility on the intellectuals. One of the problems of the "teach-in" here was the tendency of the speakers to talk past each other instead of getting into the clinches, of aiming at a mere confrontation instead of a genuine discussion.

If nothing else, the awakening of the intellectuals may help to ensure that the "era of consensus" will not be as dull as it might have been.

—HENRY BRANDON.

Fear and Disaster

By Nancy Sullivan

THEY fear disaster. The mother calls
To the little girls: "Sharon, Marilyn,
Betty Ann." She cries, "Answer me."
She yells, "Where are you?"
"Answer me" ('O please answer me.')
The little girls are hiding.
They do not answer, and later
When they return, the mother smacks
Them, smacks them with the force of love.
Unraped, unmarred, just dirty—
They scream into the house.
No disaster, but the fear remains.
It flows from blue eyes and juicy noses.
The wailing sisters describe fear and disaster.

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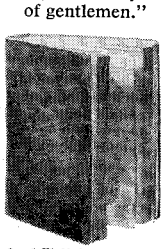
Encyclopædia Britannica says:

"Utility ought to be the principal intention of every publication. Wherever this intention does not plainly appear, neither the books nor their authors have the smallest claim to the approbation of mankind."

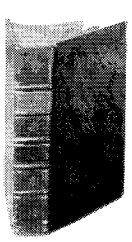
from PREFACE, 1st Edition, 1768-71.

Seven generations have been served by the Encyclopædia Britannica.

1st Edition, published in Scotland by a "society of gentlemen."

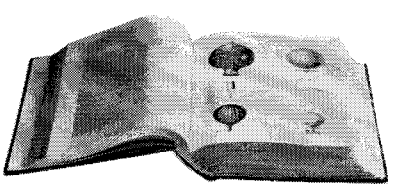


2nd Edition, 1783. 10 vols., 8,595 pp.



3rd Edition, completed in 1797, was dedicated "To The King." (George III)

As three little words go, "Encyclopædia Britannica says . . ." may never take the place of "I love you." But they, too, have been quoted just about everywhere from family picnics and international conferences to cybernetics seminars and long walks in the park. They have won bets, settled arguments, impressed the boss, helped with homework, hobbies, term papers, and Ph.D. dissertations. How has all this renown come about? It began in the early days, as the Britannica set out to fulfill the mandate of its original preface, cited in part above. It happened because the Britannica was written to encompass the full range of all man's knowledge between the covers of one useful, readily available set of books. It happened because wherever in the world a human soul reached out for knowledge, for a chance to improve himself, for a way to broaden his horizons, we felt honor bound to serve his needs. It happens today for the same reasons. But it isn't as easy as it used to be. The explosive pace at which knowledge is accumulating today puts a tremendous responsibility upon the shoulders of our contributors and editors to ensure the Britannica's absolute authority and completeness. To build the current edition, for example, revisions needed to be made on more than a third of the Britannica's 28,161 pages. Over seven million words were revised. More than three thousand illustrations were added, including some provided by Ranger 7. And 835 new contributors were enlisted, bringing the grand total of signed articles (or sections of articles) up to 29,032. (In the last five years alone, the Encyclopædia Britannica has revised more material than any other English language "encyclopedia" contains in the first place.) All to make sure that next time you say: "Encyclopædia Britannica says . . . ," you'll be right. As usual.



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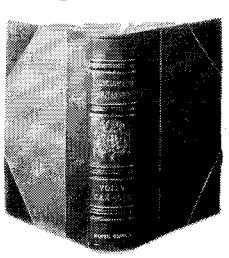
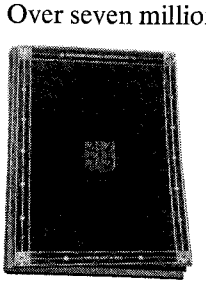


9th Edition, 1875-89, widely known as the "Scholars' Edition."



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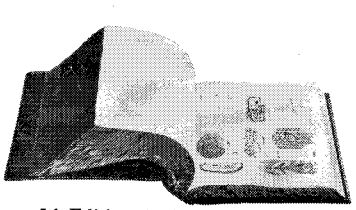

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Saturday Review
June 5, 1965

YOUNG AMERICA'S NEWEST VOCATION

Many of the new generation are devoting their lives to awakening the disadvantaged and the disinterested to their political opportunities and responsibilities.

By ARTHUR I. WASKOW

YOUNG AMERICANS are inventing a new and newly significant vocation. It is the vocation of politically activating the politically inert and the politically excluded.

The new vocation is being carried on in African villages, Mississippi cotton fields, Chicago suburbs, Harlem slums, Cleveland tenements, Kentucky mining towns. Some aspects of it are well known to the public—the work of the Peace Corps in teaching African villagers how to organize themselves both to build an irrigation system and to get attention from a bored and distant government; the work of SNCC, the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, in encouraging Mississippi sharecroppers to demand a share in voting and in making all the other decisions that govern their future; and the work of the Northern Student Movement in tutoring Northern Negro slum children in the elements both of algebra and of the rent strike.

There are, however, other aspects of the new vocation that have so far received much less attention. Among these are the efforts of Students for a Democratic Society, a national organization of liberal and radical young people. Some SDS members work full-time on bare subsistence pay to help activate the urban poor. In Cleveland, for example, SDS is working with mothers who receive public welfare checks. SDS is encouraging them to think of themselves as citizens entitled to have a say in how large the welfare checks are and what they may be spent for, rather than as serfs who must be grateful for every crumb. Again, there are the efforts of students working for Turn Toward Peace to energize suburban businessmen who may be involved in domestic politics but who are apathetic about military strategy and world affairs. Many of these businessmen feel that foreign policy is too "foreign" and too much the experts' problem for them to get involved in, and they are therefore politically inert about such questions as world disarmament. But the Turn Toward Peace activators encourage them to see that even if they are in civilian businesses, their pocketbooks are affected by such issues as disarmament. Furthermore, Turn Toward Peace shows them that information on disarmament is publicly available—not "secret" or "too complicated to understand"—and that businessmen therefore both can and should help make political decisions about disarmament.

THERE are many other such groups scattered around the country and the world. Most have received little public attention. But what has received least attention of all is that the Peace Corps and SNCC, as well as the other new forms of political activation, presage a new kind of career, that they are not simply isolated vacations from real life to be taken by a few of the young, but the seeds of a whole new kind of career.

Perhaps the first hesitant recognition that the elements of this growing phenomenon are not isolated but interrelated came when the Eleanor Roosevelt Foundation offered fellowships to some returning Peace Corps volunteers to enable them to work in the American civil rights movement. But the foundation itself regarded this only as a temporary measure, and was not envisioning a career in which an activator might spend two years in Nigeria, three or four in Mississippi, another year working among migrant agricultural workers in California, and then some time among the hopeless men who have left the ghost mines of West Virginia to enter the ghost factories of Cleveland or Baltimore.

IT is not, of course, inevitable that a full-fledged new career will emerge from the scraps and patches of the new vocation that now exist. Yet there are reasons to believe that American society is ready to create and support such a new career. For one thing, the very wealth of America is tending to bring it into being. At one level of our society, this wealth is making the vocation of political activation possible. In a poorer society, students are supported by the few families that can afford such luxuries (or by the state) only so long as they stay in school—or else they have to work part-time in farm, factory, or office, merely in order to support themselves. In America they can leave school and still have, or be able to find, reserves of money or support with which to pay for their subsistence while they activate the ghettos or the cotton fields. At another level, the very

—Paul Conklin (Pix).

Peace Corps Volunteer Greg Labuza teaches in a small school he built of bamboo matting in Chimbote, Peru.

Arthur I. Waskow is author of *The Limits of Defense, The Worried Man's Guide to World Peace,* and the forthcoming *From Race Riot to Sit-in, 1919 and the 1960s.*

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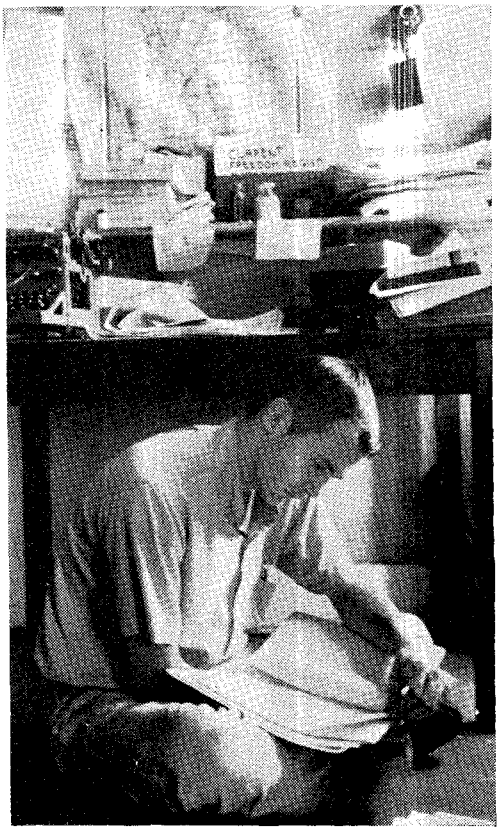
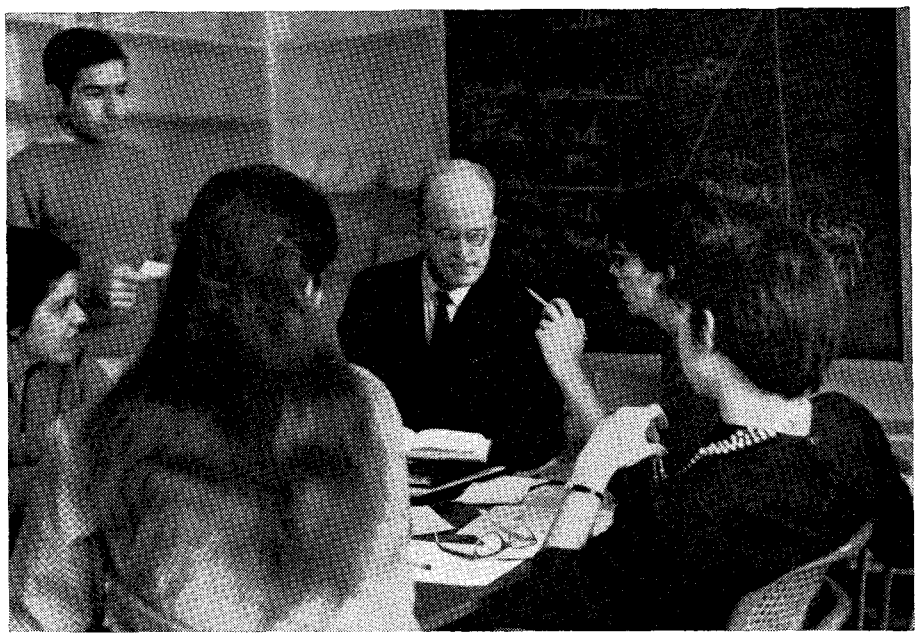


—*Norris T. McNamara (Nancy Palmer).*

Jon Else, member of SNCC, working in Freedom Democratic Office in Meridian, Mississippi.



—*Turn Toward Peace.*

Seminar held as part of TTP interne program

abundance of America is creating large reservoirs of people for whom none of the traditional jobs are available: those, on the increase now, who grow to eighteen or twenty to find that the jobs they expected have been automated out of existence; those of forty or fifty, somewhat fewer, whose jobs have been automated out from under them; those of sixty-five or seventy-five, the largest of the three groups, who would have died at fifty in a poorer society but who in America live long beyond retirement from their jobs. In their anger or puzzlement, these three new reservoirs of the jobless are ripe for political action, and a few of the people among them have already found that one job for which they need little training is the job of political activation. Thus both affluent Americans and poverty-stricken Americans increasingly see the possibility of a career in political activation as the way ahead—or as the way up.

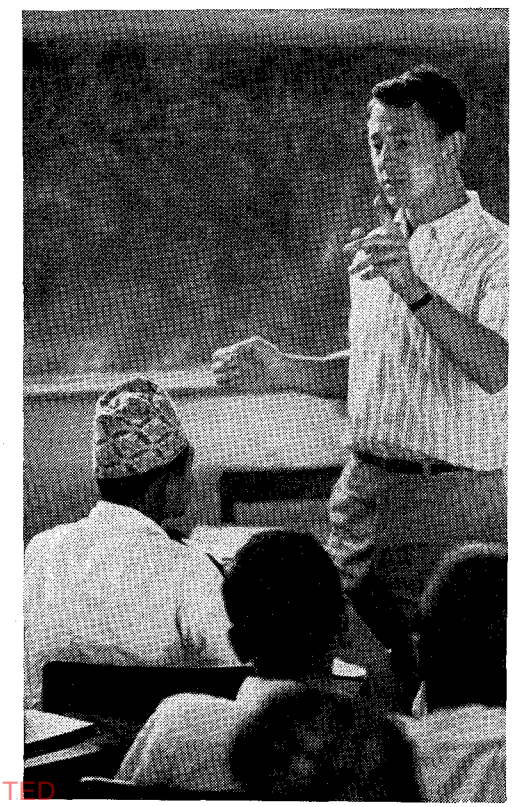
THERE are also pressures from the world at large that will tend to encourage the building of the new vocation in America. The shifts from a military to a political focus in world policy, and from Europe and the Soviet Union to the Southern Hemisphere, will probably mean an increased demand for political activators. For as these shifts occur, the Cold War more and more clearly changes into a complex and confusing series of political and economic conflicts over the ways in which various parts of the underdeveloped world will develop. Since in the underdeveloped world the activation of the politically inert is probably a prerequisite to any serious political and economic progress, many new activators will be needed. For these reasons, the American response to the new situation may well be the strengthening of the present Peace Corps and the creation of similar organizations to carry on political activation in the underdeveloped world. Perhaps we can even imagine the creation of a sort of International SNCC for South Africa, intended to help build a democratic base for a democratic revolution there. But even short of this ultimate possibility, there are likely to be many more opportunities for political activation overseas—and therefore a much greater likelihood that the new vocation will develop into a career at home.

IF the emergence of the new vocation is to be encouraged, its present young practitioners need public recognition, respect, and money. Today some elements of the new vocation get direct support from government (as in the Peace Corps); others (such as SNCC) depend chiefly on the churches and other "conscience" institutions in affluent parts of American society; still others (such as Students for a Democratic Society in their work with the urban poor) look especially to labor unions and foundations for help, but also draw on the money they themselves can earn in part-time jobs and on help from their liberal friends on faculties, and from some of their parents. (Many parents, however, are dubious about the new, unorthodox vocation. What kind of job is it, they ask, for an M.A. in economics—working in the slums at $15 a week?)

Some of the organizations that are working in the new vocation are tax-exempt under the rubric of education, and many of them have won support from some of the smaller foundations. (The Big Three—Ford, Rockefeller, and Carnegie—have steered shy of the new vocation.) But there is a basic political problem involved in raising money—not just a financial or a legal one. Activation of the politically excluded or apathetic is bound to shake the political status quo. When SNCC shakes an applecart in Mississippi, it can count on help from Cleveland. But when SDS shakes an applecart

Peace Corps Volunteer Bertold K. G. Puchtler teaches both English and carpentry at a secondary school in Pokhara, Nepal.

—*Paul Conklin (Pix).*



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in Cleveland, it is unlikely to get help there—and not very likely to get it from Mississippi. As the process of activation disturbs groups that are closer and closer to the centers of affluence and power in the United States—rather than at the fringes like Mississippi—the sources of both financial and psychological support are likely to dry up. Thus, when SDS encouraged groups in Cleveland and Baltimore to attack the local plans for the "war on poverty" because they left the poor out of the decision-making process, many respectable people who might in theory have supported the SDS approach were outraged that their own well-meaning plans should be criticized. When some young activators in the federally and municipally supported Mobilization for Youth in New York City undertook to lead rent strikes in Harlem, the lashback led to charges of subversion and threats to cut off support unless Mobilization acted less vigorously. Most of these threats came from the city government; federal officials like Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach had fewer ties to local landlords who had been threatened by the rent strikes, and Katzenbach was therefore able to come to the defense of the "activators" in Mobilization. But the effectiveness of the activators was considerably reduced.

It is hard, therefore, to imagine that local sources of support can, over the long run, be of much help to local units of political activators. It is equally hard to imagine that federal grants and federal protection would continue to be available for long if political activators were helping excluded groups to keep on making trouble for powerful groups in New York, Mississippi, and Chicago. Somehow a kind of national "transfer payment system" might have to be arranged, with those among the affluent Americans in one area who were most committed to activation arranging to send money for, write articles, and letters about, and generally give help to activators who were upsetting their opposite numbers somewhere else. Traditionally, the institutions most likely to take on such a thankless task are the foundations, the churches, and perhaps the labor unions, and the individuals most likely to help are the scholars.

IF these groups and institutions were seriously to decide to help expand the new vocation into a lifelong career, they would probably give the most effective help by encouraging individuals to enter or stay in the "activator" career at four critical ages: from nineteen to twenty-four, when young people would be most likely to consider entering it; from twenty-nine to thirty-two, when they are likely to have doubts about continuing in it and to think about seeking a more traditional career; from forty to fifty, when they will be most likely to shift out of direct work with the politically inert and into office jobs for the activator organizations; and from sixty-two to sixty-five, when many people who were on the point of retiring from jobs in other fields might be interested in entering this new one. The problems at each of these levels must be dealt with if the new vocation is to continue to grow.

First, at the nineteen-to-twenty-four age level, funds would have to be made available to provide for a substantial number of one- or two-year grants at about subsistence level for those who wish to leave formal academic training temporarily to help activate the politically excluded. This program could be markedly helped if colleges and universities were to take the lead in implementing it. They could assist, for example, by granting course credit for the educational experience involved. Society at large could help by ending the military draft, which now keeps many young men so unsettled about their careers, or so fearful of losing a student deferment, that they cling to school and avoid any unusual departures from the regular pattern of life. And the kinds of social approval now given to the Peace Corps and, less warmly, to VISTA (the domestic peace corps) could be extended to these unofficial activators who wanted to rock the boat as tutors in Northern city slums, as voter registration agents in the Mississippi Delta, perhaps even as workers in countries (*e.g.*, South Africa) where the official Peace Corps cannot or will not go.

In addition, financial and social support should be made available to noncollegiate youth of about the same age range. These youths, coming mainly from the excluded populations, could also act as political activators, but they would need another kind of program. They would not need to be trained in dealing with the politically excluded—they would know life in the slums all too well—but they would need to step back a pace from their own experience to see where and how it fits into a larger understanding of society. They must be given the opportunity, therefore, to attend special institutes and work projects directed by academically trained persons who are interested in the problems of political exclusion and specially trained for working with young people from the slums and backwaters of America. Those of the excluded who had become newly active could thus gain access to the ideas developed by scholars and thinkers about the nature of their society, at the same time as they educated the academicians in the nature of social life among the politically excluded. In short, the emphasis at this age level in the new vocation should be upon the interchange of ideas: bringing together from both directions the stored knowledge of the university student and the active information of the previously excluded youth who has just become politically involved. The rich can learn from the poor, as well as vice versa.

Then, at the twenty-nine-to-thirty-two age level, steps must be taken to ensure that political activators will remain in the new vocation. It is around twenty-nine to thirty-two that the academically oriented political activators will be most likely to leave the new vocation by returning to college or graduate school, and that the nonacademically oriented political activators will be most likely to leave the new vocation by seeking em-

(*Continued on page 52*)

—*Norris McNamara (Nancy Palmer).*

Volunteer teaching chemistry in McComb, Mississippi, Freedom School

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The Satyricon

By KENNETH REXROTH

HE SPENT his days in sleep, his nights in attending to his official duties or in amusement, by his dissolute life he had become as famous as other men by a life of energy, and he was regarded as no ordinary profligate, but as an accomplished voluptuary. His reckless freedom of speech, being regarded as frankness, procured him popularity. Yet during his provincial governorships, and later when he held the office of consul, he had shown vigor and capacity for affairs. Returning afterward to his life of vicious indulgence, he became one of the chosen circle of Nero's intimates and was looked upon as an absolute authority on questions of taste (*arbiter elegantiae*) in connection with the science of luxurious living. He excited the jealousy of Nero's pathic, Tigellinus, an accusation followed, and Petronius committed suicide in a way that was in keeping with his life and character. He selected the slow process of opening his veins and having them bound up again, whilst he conversed on light and trifling topics with his friends. He then dined luxuriously, slept for some time, and so far from adopting the common practice of flattering Nero or Tigellinus in his will, wrote and sent under seal to Nero a document that professed to give, with the names of his partners, a detailed account of the abominations that emperor had practiced. Just before his death he destroyed a valuable murrhine vase to prevent its falling into the imperial hands.

Such is the portrait the Roman historian Tacitus gives of Gaius Petronius, one of the most startling candid miniatures in all history. Tradition has always said that this is the Petronius who wrote *The Satyricon*, the first and still the best picaresque novel. Tradition also has it that we possess only the fifteenth and sixteenth books and a few other fragments of the narrative. In addition, there are a handful of poems, which customarily have been attributed to Petronius, although on no better grounds than a haunting style unlike anything else in Latin literature. If *The Satyricon* holds its position as the finest tale of roguery in any language on the merits of only two out of a probable twenty-four books, what must the original have been?

Most likely it would have outranked *Don Quixote* as the greatest prose fiction of the Western world. There survive for us a few chaotic adventures in brothels and stews of Mediterranean ports that have changed little from that day to this, and a full-dress circus of vulgarity, a banquet given by the get-rich-quick freed slave, Trimalchio. Like the *Iliad*, the *Aeneid* and the later *Golden Ass of Apuleius* (which may have been modeled on *The Satyricon*) but especially like the *Odyssey*, *The Satyricon* is an epic of a hero dogged and driven by the vengeful wrath of a god. In this case the god was Priapus, whose statue with its monstrous member stood guard over Greek and Roman gardens, marriage beds, and brothels. Encolpius is a hero whose every advantage and opportunity is reduced to folly and shame by his impotence. At the moment of achievement the outraged god smites him in the part sacred to himself, as Poseidon smote Odysseus with the fury of the sea. Encolpius and his friends are all bohemians, unemployable, over-educated, miseducated members of the lumpen intelligentsia. They are the first of their kind in literature, but from Petronius's day to this they will be the common characters of all picaresque romance. Kerouac's *On the Road* differs vastly from *The Satyricon* in lack of insight, irony, and literary skill, but its characters are all drawn from the same unchanged class.

WHAT most distinguishes *The Satyricon* is its extraordinary style, a style which is a conglomeration of every Greek and Roman style reduced to mockery and held together by that special quality that has led to the gathering of many minor poems and short fragments under the general attraction of the two surviving books. This quality is a melancholy like no other in literature. The Romans had a catch phrase, *tristia post coitum*, the sadness that follows sexual fulfillment. As a living body is sustained and nourished by its bloodstream, the style of Petronius is suffused by a sense of indefinable sorrow that haunts and corrupts all possible achievement. The nostalgia of the gutter and the melancholy of grandeur flow together and wash away the very idea of accomplishment. Because *The Satyricon* rises above the classic definition of comedy as an eventful tale of the disasters and disgraces that beset vulgarians and fools, it engages us, the readers, in the same way that we are personally involved in a tragic narrative. *The Satyricon* is all uproar, guffaws, rumpus, commotion, but behind its noise there is always present a long recurrent note—the ebb and flow of human irrelevance.

ALTHOUGH he was far from being a parvenu himself, Nero was the first Roman emperor to employ those guides to the culturally perplexed whom David Reisman calls ironically "engineers of taste." The mentor of his youth was Seneca, the Stoic rhetorical philosopher, one of history's outstanding hypocrites, whose sterile tragedies have never been equalled for bombast and falsity. Petronius, the advisor of Nero's manhood, is a kind of anti-Seneca. He, too, is a master of all the flowers of rhetoric but he knows they are paper flowers and he delights in showing them up by setting fire to them. Against Seneca's pompous Stoic heroes, the perfect embodiment of melodramatic absurdity, the Epicurean Petronius deploys his farcical rogues, so like the Marx Brothers, in a tragedy of the absurd. From Samuel Beckett to Charlie Chaplin, many people have attempted just such a comic answer to the ever recurrent-questions, "Who am I?"; "What can I believe?"; "What can I do?"; "What can I hope?" Petronius surpasses them all in the humor of his comedy and the cogency of his irony. Why? Probably because he was far more a man of the world than any such writer who has come after him. Irony is a gift of experience and only the most comprehensive experience can provide a truly solid foundation for irony that claims to be a diagnosis of being itself. The existentialists can talk of ontological irony. *The Satyricon* as we have it, a hundred or so pages torn from the rubbish heap of five Mediterranean civilizations, embodies in action just such a judgment of the meaning and destiny of man. Its author realized his comic vision at its fullest in his own life, and seems to have written with the foreknowledge of his own end as it is told by Tacitus. Petronius, the most worldy-wise courtier of Nero, would of course have written with just such foreknowledge.

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The Lexicon of Force

THREE YEARS AGO, when we visited the crisis centers of Indochina, we had an opportunity to speak to American officials in the area. Most of them agreed that the situation was infinitely complex, not susceptible to crisp solutions, and required almost unlimited patience. But there were a few officials—not confined to the military—who argued all that was needed was the direct application of a little force.

"There's only one way to deal with problems of this sort," they would say. "You've got to set off some explosions. It won't take very much. The other side is ready to topple right now. But you've got to have the nerve to start dropping some bombs. Once you do, they'll crumble like stale cookies."

When you asked how we could be so sure, the other side would collapse after only a few bombs, the answer, given with an air of utmost confidence and expertise, would be in effect; "Please don't ask us how we know. We know."

The only thing greater than the certainty that a few bombs would do the job was the conviction that we had to be prepared to go all the way, if we had to, meaning readiness to use anything we had in our arsenals, all the way from artillery to atomic bombs.

When you asked about the morality of this approach you were almost made to feel like a country bumpkin looking at a nuclear reactor for the first time. "Brother," they would say, "when you deal with these characters, you leave your morality at home."

Questions about the implications of this position for our official commitment to the United Nations were treated as a species of naïveté—almost as though this were an irrevelancy that didn't need answering. "No one pays any attention to the United Nations," was the response you would receive, uttered in a way to indicate that the matter was not even worth discussing.

Queries about other elements of our foreign policy that would be adversely affected by the unilateral decision to use force, or about the effect on America's standing in world public opinion, would produce a similar rejoinder: The United States couldn't allow itself to be led by the nose by world public opinion; it didn't make any difference what anyone thought—we had a job to do.

Most startling of all in this lexicon of force was the lack of knowledge about human history; in particular, knowledge about the way men react when attacked. There was the assumption that the other fellow was somehow different, that he would put up little or no resistance when raw force was applied, that any other approach was a waste of time.

Equally striking was the inability to accept evidence to the contrary. In 1961 the President was assured that the Cuban government would drop like overripe fruit the moment military action was launched. He was told that numberless thousands of people were ready to spring to arms at the first sign of armed opposition. Just the opposite happened. Nothing did more to strengthen the hold of the Cuban government on its people than the ill-fated invasion.

Another instance: the government of Souvanna Phouma was the only duly elected government in the history of Laos. It was not Communist or pro-Communist. Like most of the other governments of Southeast Asia, it had a historic fear of China. It did not recognize the Chinese Communist regime. It was a coalition government. Most American officials believed that such a government was the best that was possible or obtainable under the circumstances. But a few American officials felt we could do much better with General Phoumi Nosavan. They assured the President that only token force would be required to overthrow Souvanna. Though the United States was publicly pledged to the Souvanna government, we underwrote the rebellion. Both sides wore American uniforms, used American equipment, shot American guns. For a time, the United States was in the position of paying the salaries of opposing armies. The Souvanna government did not fall overnight, as predicted. Instead, the attempted coup led to a long and costly war, the ultimate outcome of which was that we reverted to support of the coalition government. But the net effect was to strengthen the forces of the Communists in the north, who could pose as defenders of their country against outside intervention.

AND now, Vietnam and the Dominican Republic. In the case of Vietnam, nothing was more emphatic than the certainty of some of our officials, in their own words, that the only way to stop the Vietcong in the south was by "scaring the hell out of the government in the north." As the political and military situation deteriorated in the south, the urgings of these officials for military action against the north increased in direct proportion. Again, most American officials, both in the area and in Washington, opposed the extension of the war because of its effect on the other elements in our total foreign policy. But when the deterioration became advanced enough, these other considerations were put to one side. The bombing was authorized. Yet the result has not been as advertised. We have not succeeded in scaring the hell out of North Vietnam. We have succeeded only in building an iron wall of resistance against us. The Vietcong now presents itself as an army of liberation. Available evidence would seem to indicate that Communism in Vietnam is stronger, not weaker, as the result of the bombing.

If Communism has been gaining in the world in recent years, it has not been because we have not been militantly anti-Communist but because we have not been knowledgeably anti-Communist. For victory or defeat is reckoned

(*Continued on page* 36)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Time and the Moving Finger

A BIG HURRAH for your fine editorial "How to Write Without Thinking"! [*SR*, May 1].

Assigned topics, with time and space limitations, are frustrations to all students. Such impositions stifle creativity; and, after all, the creative fulfillment of persons is the ultimate end of education.

Creative teaching respects the uniqueness of each mind by presenting stimulation from which each student may choose his own point of departure and determine his own end-point. In so doing, he learns to deal with space and time in a manner commensurate to his particular capabilities—thus establishing his own sense of self-discipline.

CAROLE HODGSON.

Santa Fe, N.M.

YOUR EDITORIAL, "How to Write Without Thinking," is a moving appeal for a return to educational methods that may have been feasible when Mark Hopkins sat on his log and instructed individuals at Williams College. Unfortunately, you seem blissfully unaware of the number of students who must be taught English during the present era, and you do not appear to have estimated the time that might be at the disposal of the human beings who are charged with their instruction. Many college English teachers face four classes of thirty students or more, three times a week, while those in high school regularly encounter even larger numbers. Is it really practical to give tests to all these individuals by having them "spend several days thinking about an idea before presuming to commit it to paper"? Will you take charge of reading these examination papers, when they are adorned with an indefinite amount of "reworking," "transposing," and "inserting of second thoughts"? Will you also administer for us an educational system in which the students are encouraged to bring passive resistance into the classroom, so that they may refuse to take any examination of which they do not approve? Give us a chance, Mr. Cousins.

BRAINERD P. STRANAHAN,
Teaching Fellow in English,
Harvard University.

Cambridge, Mass.

I FOUND your editorial on the CEEB writing sample a rare, enlightened ray of hope for a presently almost hopeless situation.

Having taken this test myself just three years ago, I can still recall the trauma of "controlled creativity." Being a lover of, and indulger in, creative writing, I felt that the exam was truly a nerve-wracking, unsatisfying "challenge."

BARBARA ANN BECKWITH.

Newton, Mass.

YOUR CRITICISM of the College Entrance Examination Board Writing Sample is fair: it is not a test of writing ability.

I have found, however, that almost all of my college work has been under immense pressure of time. The CEEB Writing Sample is therefore a valid measure of a collegian's writing ability, however stifled the quality of writing.

When getting a lot of education in a hurry, one does not have time to contemplate his artistry as he might wish.

EDDIE ELLIS,
Journalism Student,
University of
North Carolina.

Chapel Hill, N.C.

"First of all, Mr. Denning, how big a piece of the cultural boom do you want?"

WE MALIGNED and battered fighters against linguistic *laissez faire* welcome you to our diminishing ranks. We hope you will become angry and frightened enough to supply us with more ammunition.

That ammunition could be in the form of an attack on the vociferous critics of correct English, both spoken and written. These critics, who abhor any kind of standard English (because, as they say, there should be no authority in a democracy) have indeed become authorities.

This new authority, which is trying to turn an art into a science, has for its motto: "Write as You Speak." The result of this speak-write system is permissiveness. And permissiveness leads to anarchy.

The CEEB essay-question is a monument to linguistic lawlessness. It seems to me that the Board has surrendered to anarchy in the name of pseudo-democratic togetherness.

H. H. HART,
Assistant Headmaster,
The Oxford Academy.

Pleasantville, N.J.

OH YOU LITERARY PEOPLE with your pretense that writing must be "creative" to be important. What blah! However little you may like it, the fact is that most written matter, and the most important written matter, is strictly factual and written in a hurry. I refer to news reports, business letters, directions for use, recipes, technical and scientific accounts—everything that we work with, and much of what we play with. And how badly written so much of it is. This is the skill to teach our children, and to test validly by an essay on a given topic in a limited time. As for the creative writing that lifts both men and language—that can't be taught in any way, anyway. (Time: 17 minutes.)

BARBARA SHERIDAN LIPPMAN.

New York, N.Y.

WITH HIGH REGARD for Norman Cousins's characteristically clear thinking as expressed in "How To Write Without Thinking," I must quarrel with him about one point: assigning papers of "an approximate length." If we should not harness students with considerations of time (and I agree that we should not), why harness them with considerations of length—something even more arbitrary? The fear of the overworked teacher that students will submit dissertation-length papers is wholly unwarranted. Students simply do not have that much to say. And the problem is not the reverse either, for, freed from quantity, the focus shifts to quality: the student tends to become aware that he must not only say something, but that he must say something worthwhile.

PAUL J. MCRAY.

Hempstead, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We find Mr. McRay's ideas most persuasive. The only argument in favor of approximate length is that it at least relieves the student of the feeling of being at sea about what he is expected to do.*

AS A HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR who has run the gauntlet of college board tests, I feel somewhat qualified (and magnanimous) in coming to their defense.

Colleges that require writing samples

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cannot be expected to wade through the several thousand manuscripts that they might very well receive. Furthermore, in view of cut-throat competition, doubtful authorship is not entirely out of the question. Something short, sweet, and standardized is the natural solution. No one expects anything of great literary or creative merit in twenty minutes. What they do expect is a fair indication of the student's ability to express himself. Surely no one is incapable of experiencing initial thoughts and reactions to some statement. The CEEB merely asks that those thoughts be expressed clearly in writing. Of course, something polished could be turned out with considerably more time, but that would certainly be no test of an individual's ability as it is tested in college.

I assure you, there are English teachers who give free license to the creative. College boards, however, don't exist to develop potential talents.

JOHN DIOS.
Maplewood, N.J.

IT TAKES AN OUTSIDER like Norman Cousins to find the jugular of the educational monster. The monster grows and grows.

Permit an insider to register thanks. The Educational Testing Service at Princeton, begun as a benign nonprofit service with all the right motives, has become a powerful right arm of that monster—doing, it would seem, more to inhibit than to promote true maturing of the mind.

Recently I looked over the Graduate Record Examination in English for this year. (The Princeton establishment might consider this immoral, since their examinations are apparently not to be looked at without their permission even by those who are preparing students for graduate school.) The entire examination was in multiple-choice form.

It was a highly intelligent multiple-choice exam, and it surely did test knowledge. But it did not test the mind's ability to proportion, to focus, to create, to use language. There is not time for that sort of thing in the testing center's methods since machines, or correctors of canned essays, cannot honor such qualities.

I am sure there are nice people running the CEEBs and other tests of the Princeton center. They do what they can. But power out of all proportion to its worth has flowed to this organization.

DAVID BALDWIN,
Associate Professor of English,
Hartwich College.
Oneonta, N.Y.

Problems and Possibilities

I AM PROMPTED to respond to James F. Fixx's recent editorial, "Must They Return?" [*SR*, May 8], by comparing your Mr. Tom Flynn, ex-convict, thirty years old, intelligent, possessing a highly desirable occupational skill, with a former student of mine, sixteen years old, school dropout in the ninth grade, two years at Whitmore Lake, Michigan (Boys Reform School), denied readmittance to his former classes, denied by his father, denied opportunity for jobs (if he lies on an application and is found out, he is liable to punitive action; if he tells the truth, he is not hired).

As he spoke with me in the school office recently, I saw that he was extremely confused and perplexed. Though he strongly desires to rehabilitate himself, he is rejected at every turn.

What chance is there for a teen-ager with a prison record of attempted murder, breaking and entering, and assault with a deadly weapon? Is his future as bleak as for the other convict? Must he too, return?

ALBERT ROSEN.
Oak Park, Mich.

WE HAVE READ WITH great interest James F. Fixx's editorial discussing the possibilities of employing ex-convicts. We are interested in the general concepts that were covered, and we are therefore making this exploratory inquiry of you requesting that you put us in touch with the appropriate authorities in the Boston area who may be thinking along similar lines.

DEREK G. RYAN,
Director of Administration,
Cabot Corporation.
Boston, Mass.

YOUR EDITORIAL "Must They Return?" was a good one. We can use a secretary who can take steno and type. She need not be a legal secretary. We will train her and my secretary will stand by to advise her.

MAXWELL T. COHEN,
Attorney.
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Rosen's letter underscores the gravity of the problems that an ex-prisoner, of whatever age, faces. At the same time, other responses to the editorial —among them Mr. Ryan's and Mr. Cohen's —have revealed some hopeful indications that the ex-prisoner does not necessarily face insoluble difficulties where employment is concerned. Employers do exist who are willing to give such men a chance. Furthermore, it has recently become possible, through an insurance broker in New York City, to provide low-cost bonding for ex-prisoners—a development that removes a major hurdle for employers. Those employers who wrote to SR expressing an interest in hiring former prisoners are now being put in touch with the appropriate officials in their areas. Others who wish to investigate the problems and possibilities are again invited to write to Jobs, c/o Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.*

A Solution for Vietnam?

IT WAS WITH A great deal of interest that I read the article "A Plan for Peace in Vietnam" [*SR*, Apr. 24], dealing with the horrendous impasse of United States intervention in Vietnam. I wish to offer my congratulations as a highly concerned citizen and as a state officer of the Young Democratic Clubs of Oregon. I am writing the entire YDCO Executive Board, recommending the article to them.

The State Convention of the Young Democratic Clubs of Oregon went on record in February supporting just such action as advocated by Don R. and Arthur Larson. I was one of the 3,000 participants in the April 23 protest vigil on United States policy in Vietnam at the University of Oregon in Eugene. Just prior to his speech, I had the opportunity to speak with Senator Wayne Morse concerning the growing revolt in the Senate against the Johnson Administration's "Might Makes Right" policy. I was also sitting in the audience that responded so enthusiastically to Senator Morse's moving speech in which he pointed out that just such a policy as that proposed in *SR* would constitute one of the first major foreign policy victories for the U. S. since the Marshall Plan.

SR is to be highly commended for its courageous and well-considered article. The Larsons are to be commended for their emminently sensible position.

THOMAS E. REANIER.
Eugene, Ore.

"I'm sorry, Madam, but I've already been discovered."

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The Feminine Literary Mystique

ALTHOUGH Louis Auchincloss is a Wall Street lawyer, he finds time not only to write books but also to read them, and, as his literary criticism shows, he is a first-rate reader. *Pioneers and Caretakers* (University of Minnesota Press, $4.95) is a collection of essays on nine American women writers of fiction: Sarah Orne Jewett, Edith Wharton, Ellen Glasgow, Willa Cather, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Katherine Anne Porter, Jean Stafford, Carson McCullers, and Mary McCarthy. I wish he had also included Eudora Welty and Flannery O'Connor, but otherwise I have only a few complaints.

The studies of Edith Wharton and Ellen Glasgow, which have appeared in the University of Minnesota Pamphlets on American Literature, are both substantial pieces of work. No one, I think, has written more appreciatively or more discriminatingly about Mrs. Wharton than Auchincloss, who greatly admires her gifts without overlooking her shortcomings. He deals as carefully and as justly with Miss Glasgow, who also had her failures as well as her triumphs. In speaking of her last novel, he says, "There are, however, moments. There are always moments, even in the least estimable of Ellen Glasgow's books." Such moments he is happy to recognize.

The earliest of the novelists he discusses is Sarah Orne Jewett, whom he treats with affection and respect, never claiming too much for her, never pretending that she was anything but what she was, but at the same time forcing us to do justice to her achievements. And with Willa Cather, who was in a sense Miss Jewett's disciple, he is equally discerning, praising *My Antonia* for the right reasons, analyzing critically the structure of *The Professor's House*, and recognizing the beauty of *My Mortal Enemy*.

Up to this point, Auchincloss's choice of subjects seems inevitable; not all critics, however, would have thought of including Elizabeth Madox Roberts. As Auchincloss says, her first book, *The Time of Man*, won immediate recognition for its author; but it was followed by several failures and partial successes, and her death in 1941 was not much noticed. Although Auchincloss praises not only *The Time of Man* but also *The Great Meadow* and *Black Is My True-Love's Hair*, there are other books that he can describe only as tedious. Whatever her shortcomings, however, she deserves to be remembered, and I am glad that Auchincloss has included her in his book.

My chief quarrel with Auchincloss concerns his evaluation of Katherine Anne Porter. Although I agree with him in general about her short stories, some of which are magnificent, I cannot accept his judgment of *Ship of Fools*, which he calls "a perfect novel." He admires it in the first place on what may be called political grounds—as a description of conditions in the summer of 1931 that made the rise of Hitler inevitable. The Germans on the ship, he says, "encompass in their group the essential characteristics of their nation." But should we speak, as she does and he does, of "essential characteristics" that damn a whole people? I think not. I cannot believe that an anti-German prejudice is any more admirable than an anti-Semitic prejudice. In the second place, he admires her because she is "never guilty of the sentimentality that masquerades as compassion." She is equally innocent, I should say, of true compassion; almost without exception she hates the people she writes about. He thinks the "novel sparkles with vitality and humor," whereas I find it almost lifeless. Well, tastes differ; and if Auchincloss believes that *Ship of Fools* and its popularity are "the best news in fiction that we have heard in many a year," I can only disagree—respectfully, of course.

Having read his novels, one would expect Auchincloss to appreciate the work of Mrs. Wharton and Miss Glasgow, but I should not have predicted that he would admire Jean Stafford, Carson McCullers, and Mary McCarthy as much as he does. Although he does less with Miss Stafford's short stories than he might have, he discusses each of her three novels with careful appreciation, expressing the greatest admiration for *The Mountain Lion*. When he comes to Mrs. McCullers, he gives particular praise to *Reflections in a Golden Eye*, and he makes as good a case as can be made for her latest novel, *Clock Without Hands*.

After describing the autobiographical elements in Mary McCarthy's novels and stories and the fictional elements in her memoirs, Auchincloss concludes that no sharp distinction can be made. He has a high opinion of *Memories of a Catholic Girlhood*, though he speaks well of the novels too. He does, I am happy to say, have reservations about *The Group*. He speaks of "the tedium of some of her inventories," and says she makes some of the mistakes of John O'Hara. Although

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The Group has been by far the most popular of her books, he does not think, any more than I do, that it is her best.

In his prefatory note Auchincloss writes: "A notable thing about our women writers is that they have struck a more affirmative note than the men. Their darkness is not as dark as that of Dreiser or Lewis or Faulkner or O'Neill, which is not to say that they see America less clearly, but that they see it more discriminatingly. They have a sharper sense of their stake in the national heritage, and they are always at work to preserve it. They never destroy; they never want the clean sweep. They are conservatives who are always trying to conserve."

That Edith Wharton, Ellen Glasgow, and Willa Cather were in some important sense conservatives seems clear enough, but I am not so sure about Katherine Anne Porter, Carson McCullers, and Mary McCarthy. As Auchincloss says, there is a nostalgic strain in their work, but so there is in the work of William Faulkner, Wright Morris, Bernard Malamud, or any other of a dozen of their male contemporaries. And what about affirmation? Is Katherine Anne Porter more affirmative than William Faulkner, or Mary McCarthy than Saul Bellow? I think not. So far as literary attitudes are concerned, there are greater differences between the older generation and the younger than between women writers and men.

But I am not sure that Auchincloss would make any strenuous effort to defend his generation. He is interested in each of his writers for her own sake, and he deals justly with all, including those whose work is strikingly different from his own. In his quiet, unself-assertive way he is one of the best of contemporary critics. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1139

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1139 will be found in the next issue.

PQO EBMY MH MJ HQ JMH AQ-

OY HQ OSMHV OPVY WQL PBEV

YQH JHQQA LR HQ TMEV.

HPQSVBL

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1138

How many people become abstract as a way of appearing profound!

—JOUBERT.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Under the Big Umbrella

YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN—your cover for May 15, I mean. These pictures you've had for several children's book numbers play a delightful part in promoting intergroup relationships through visual appeal.

These happy children under the big umbrella all have in common an interest in books. Not one of them cares what any of the rest looks like. They're just having fun staying out of the spring shower and reading. I'm glad the dark ones don't huddle together. . . .

EMILY B. MOORES.

Cleveland, O.

REGARDING YOUR COVER of May 15—I love it *and* I love you. I shall tack it on my Week of May 15 Bulletin Board in the school in Boston where I teach the Hyde Junior High School.

JOYCE SCOTT.

Boston, Mass.

Repetition for John?

NOTHING in *SR* May 15 is as delightful reading as "Reading with John," by Frances Foster. I had somewhat the same experience with my granddaughter. Consequently, when she started to school and had her first modern reader, she said, "This is not a book; it says the same thing over and over." Poor little, rich John when he starts to school!

NANCY BYRN.

Glenview, Ill.

Definition of Selfhood

WHILE I CANNOT determine just what a literary hoax is, judging from the whirlings and groans of the reviewers, *An American Dream* [*SR*, Mar. 20] must be a real apostasy. The entire literary community has adopted a posture of shocked betrayal. Mr. Hicks in particular writes like a spurned lover or, more to the point, a disappointed investor . . . .

However, the main complaint of the critics is that violence and lust govern the actions of the protagonist of *Dream*, Stephen Rojack. Indeed Rojack acts as if the only significant actions of which he is capable are killing, maiming and copulating. . . .

Mailer first approached this theme in *The White Negro*. In this essay he identifies the condition of the hipster with that of the Negro. One rejecting, the other rejected by society, both are forced towards raw sex and brutality. Only the psychopathic act can redeem them. Seeking the "good orgasm" (fulfillment, sexual and otherwise), the hipster and Negro both are driven to promiscuity and murder. In *Growing Up Absurd*, Paul Goodman explores the same phenomena. Because they can find no man's work within the societal framework, a whole group of young Americans, among whom Goodman includes delinquents, homosexuals, beatniks and hipsters, are led into rebellion by their need of real and fruitful challenge. Their antisocial behavior is a reaction to this de-virilization. Carrying the ideas contained in *The White Negro* into the creative plane, Mailer both describes and prescribes the psychotic state resulting from the hipsters' alienation. Rojack is the hipster-psychopath seen from the inside out. Congressman, intellectual, teacher: none of these roles has satisfied him. Only in murder, the most terrible cutting off from society, is he completed. The whole novel is a sorting out, a solution developing from the act of killing. It is a dissolution, a letting go of the entire social man which places Rojack in position to rebegin his life. . . . Bigger Thomas in Richard Wright's *Native Son* illustrates this process in converse, completing the formula of *The White Negro*. Bigger kills and for the first time experiences a feeling of being an individual in the white world which has depraved him by oppression and direct denial of his manhood. Rojack comes to murder from the opposite direction (society, in conventional terms, has been good to him) to achieve the definition of selfhood.

Apparently it is the picture of the future of the American intellectual which repels Mr. Hicks, *et. al.* They cannot accept Mailer's identification of the intellectual seeking valid fulfillment with the socially corrosive attitude of the hipster. They refuse to consider the possibility that significant action, in our time, must be psychopathic and destructive. . . .

BILL POWERS.

Athens, Greece

Hands Raised, Thumbs Down

HERE'S ONE HAND raised to be counted in reader Anne Levinson's poll [*SR*, May 15] of those who have finished reading Saul Bellow's *Herzog*. . . . I don't know when I've become more involved with a character than I was with Moses Herzog, unless it was with Salinger's Holden Caulfield.

Herzog may well have been a "fool and a bore," but it seems to me this is an extraneous evaluation. I believe Mr. Bellow's foremost concern was the conveyance, through the character of Moses Herzog, of his belief in the basic indomitability of the human spirit. . . .

MARY O'R. DUCLOS.

Ashland, Mass.

I JUST HAD TO APPLAUD and shout "hear, hear" to Anne Levinson's comments about *Herzog* . . . . In this era of culture status, all it requires is adroit publicity, exploitation, and a heavy advertising budget to put a dull, pointless book at the top of the best-seller lists.

NEAL LANDY.

Reading, Pa.

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Wanted: A World Fit to Live In

Dark Ghetto: Dilemmas of Social Power, *by Kenneth B. Clark (Harper & Row. 251 pp. $4.95), and* ***Transformation of the Negro American,*** *by Leonard Broom and Norval D. Glenn (Harper & Row. 207 pp. $5.75), detail a Gehenna of human despair. Frank M. Cordasco, who is a professor of educational sociology at Montclair State College, has made studies of slum schools in his work with federal poverty programs.*

By FRANK M. CORDASCO

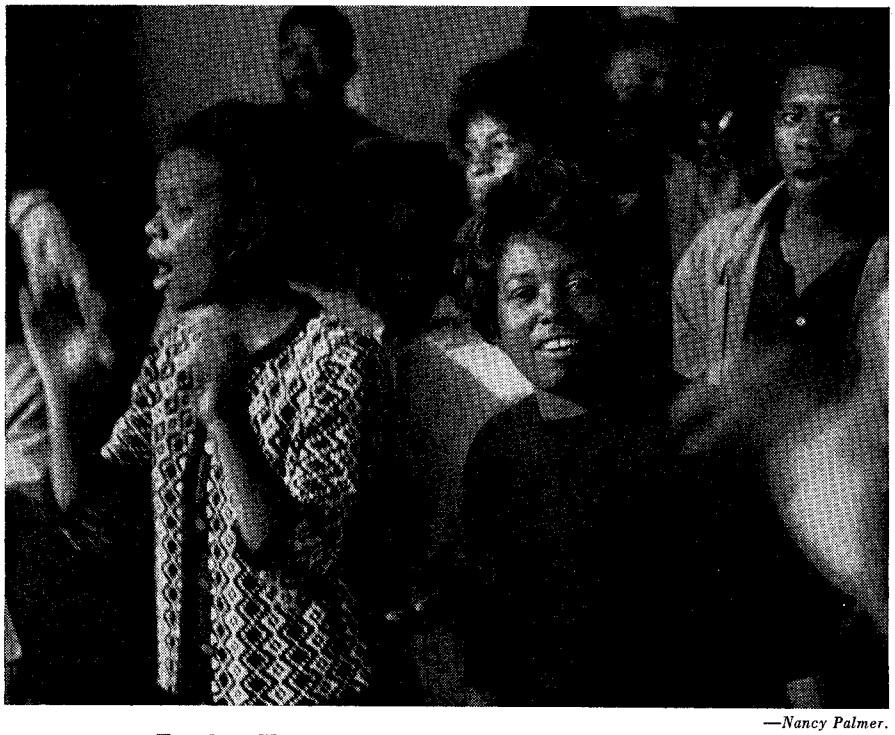
IF THE portraits of the Negro revolution that emerge from these two books differ, it is due more to the vantage point of study and observation (and animus) than to fundamental differences in texture and composition, since the authors of both books are trained academicians and come to their subject with unquestioned competence. For social psychologist Kenneth Clark, the *Dark Ghetto* is an impassioned and eloquent recital of the consequences of a tragic social pathology which has imprisoned the Negro: "a chronic, self-perpetuating pathology . . . and the futile attempt by those with power to confine [it] so as to prevent the spread of its contagion to the 'larger community.' . . . *Dark Ghetto,*" he writes, "is a summation of my personal and lifelong experiences as a prisoner within the ghetto long before I was aware that I was really a prisoner." For sociologists Leonard Broom and Norval Glenn (University of Texas), *The Transformation of the Negro American* (titularly an affirmation of continuing alienation) is an attempt "to trace the emergence of the major themes in the adjustment of Negro Americans to subordination . . ." and to take a "hard look at the hard data about the condition of Negroes." Both books are heavy with facts, and what Clark has missed in concentrating on the contemporary black ghetto will readily be found in the monographic work by the sociologists from Austin.

With an anguish that is only partially concealed in its staccato prose, Clark sketches vignettes of the invisible ghetto wall, the social dynamics and psychology of the ghetto, the pathology of the slum, the ghetto schools, and the ghetto power structure. Any one of the chapters might be considered an entity; in each Clark has written a commentary to accompany what a present-day Gustave Doré might have caught in a chiaroscuro of human despair.

As a synthesis of bold social experimentation, Clark's account of the protean Harlem Youth Opportunities Unlimited (Haryou) is without peer, and his chapter on the ghetto schools ("separate and unequal") is an indictment of the educational atrophy and its self-fulfilling prophecy that have made the children of the ghetto, treated as uneducable, invariably uneducable in fact: what has emerged as a cult of "cultural deprivation" *vis-à-vis* the ghetto child Clark shows to be a subtle substitution of the notion of environmental immutability for the long-ago discredited theories of biological educational determinism. Above all else, Clark's examination of the slum school calls for a careful reassessment of the Comtean environmentalists led by Frank Reissman ("The Culturally Deprived Child") and of the "cognitive levels" research of Martin Deutsch (get 'em while they're young enough). It is a sociological truism (as Clark correctly notes) that only a *total* community metamorphosis will change the slum schools, which in themselves are but a reflection of the total slum.

And how is the ghetto to be changed? How is the Negro to be transformed? Clark's answer is dramatically simple: "If the ghettoes are to be transformed, then forces superior to those which resist change must be mobilized to counteract them. . . . the problem [of change] is essentially a problem of power—a confrontation and a conflict between the power required for change and the power resistant to change." Those of us who have worked in the slums heartily concur.

But what of sociologists Broom and Glenn, and their *Transformation of the Negro American*? In rapid order the authors discuss the Negro way of life, nationalism and gradualism, action and integration, education (a pedestrian account alongside Clark's fiery and imaginative recital), and characteristics of the Negro population. Undoubtedly, this is an adequate review of the "Negro question" correctly set in a context that is academically proper and circumspectly cautious in its hypotheses. *Dark Ghetto* is a classic which will be held as important for our day as Jacob Riis's *How the Other Half Lives* and Jane Addams's *The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets* were for another. In the shadow of Clark's study Professors Broom and Glenn's book is but another monograph. Who of us can name the academic contemporaries of Riis and Addams, who, like Broom and Glenn, wrote of the pathology of deprivation and of the bitter destitution of the slum? If it is a long way from Harlem to Austin, Texas, it is a still longer way from impassioned social theory to drab academic sociology.



—*Nancy Palmer.*

Freedom House, Pine Bluff, Ark.—"only a *total* community metamorphosis will change the slum schools."

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The Inward and the Outward Ear

***Who Speaks for the Negro?**, by Robert Penn Warren (Random House. 454 pp. $5.95), and **This Is My Country, Too**, by John A. Williams (World. 169 pp. $4.50), reflect the apprehensions and ambivalence among colored people with respect to their identity and goals as Americans. Bruce Galphin, a Nieman Fellow in 1962-63, is an editorial writer and columnist for the Atlanta Constitution in Georgia.*

By BRUCE GALPHIN

WHO SPEAKS for the Negro? Robert Penn Warren has interviewed more than a score of Negro leaders and dozens of lesser-known participants in the civil rights movement, and the only single answer is: no white man.

From the late Malcolm X's fiery anti-Caucasianisms to the somewhat pleading insistence of CORE's James Farmer that "I don't want any reporter to call me 'responsible,'" to a young Mississippian's resentment of Northern white volunteers, it is clear that Negroes have their own ideas and their own leadership. Beyond that point, and unanimity in believing that Negroes do not get a fair shake in America, there is little agreement.

There is even wide divergence of opinion about the ultimate goals of the movement. The Black Muslims preach separatism, and if they are not significant numerically, their doctrine of a separate culture may well have emotional appeal to at least a part of most Negroes. Mr. Warren indeed finds, half a century after W. E. B. Du Bois first wrote of it, an ambivalence: a conflict between the desire to find identity as an American and the desire to find it as a Negro. Some Negroes have achieved recognition on "white" terms, thus delighting the naïve good will of white liberals who believed that all Negroes wanted was a key to the clubhouse.

But if any consensus emerges from Warren's interviews, at least among those who attempt to describe goals, it is that of pluralism or of a new culture that lies beyond black and white. The Negro "is now conceiving of integration more as a synthesis than as a complete dropping of all that is Negro," says the Urban League's Whitney Young. Mississippi rights worker Robert Moses finds the "middle-class white culture in vital need of some kind of renewal." And author (*Invisible Man*) Ralph Ellison believes the thrust is "to achieve on the sociopolitical level something of the same pluralism which exists on the level of culture." Perhaps it is even more basic and more personal. In bitterness born of frustration, CORE lawyer Lolis Elie in New Orleans demands: " . . . when will it be possible for white people to look at black people as human beings?"

Even were there no argument over aims, though, there would be a crisis of leadership.

The fact that there are two distinct civil rights theaters of operation and two kinds of war has caused confusion among Negroes no less than whites. In the South, the struggle is clearcut and easily defined: It centers on legal equality, voting, and public accommodations. But winning these victories will only bring Southern Negroes up to a battlefield already occupied by their brothers elsewhere in the country. Bayard Rustin puts it well in Warren's book. In the South says Rustin, demonstrations can serve the dual purpose of calling attention to the evil of segregation and also of achieving the goal of desegregation. "In the North, however, dealing with jobs, schools, and housing, you cannot simultaneously prick the conscience and solve the problem."

This fact—that the last steps toward justice are more complex and time-consuming—is a source of enormous frustration for American Negroes. This frustration in turn is a temptation to and opportunity for demagoguery and, in extreme cases, aimless rioting. Thus there is danger that Negro leaders can no longer lead but rather must follow crowds stirred by a demagogue proposing dramatic, if pointless, protest. James Farmer, for instance, questions the value of the World's Fair stall-ins and then has to recoil from being called a moderating force. Roy Wilkins sensibly observes that racial integration *per se* is not the goal in education, and that ghetto schools must first be made good schools, only to find himself criticized for Uncle Tomism.

These questions of ends and means underlie the whole of Mr. Warren's book, but they never come sharply into focus. It is essentially a series of interviews, interlaced with some history, social psychology, literary criticism, and observations by the author. Parts are brilliant, *e.g.*, the critiques of James Baldwin as a writer who sees the world through the "I" and Ralph Ellison as a man able to recognize "the humanity of those who inflict injustice." And Warren's thumbnail sketches of his interview subjects are enormously perceptive—some of them brutally so. This observation on Martin Luther King, Jr., is almost poetic: "Even if it is a question that you know he has heard a hundred times before, there is a withdrawing inward, a slight veiling of the face as it were . . . for even that old stale question he must look inward to find a real answer, not just the answer he gave yesterday, which today may no longer be meaningful to him." Other parts, such as a rehashing of the effects of repression on personality development, are visits to well-explored territory.

But Mr. Warren's most annoying fault is failure to organize his material and to edit out the repetitious and the superfluous. He quotes Whitney Young but does not heed him: "One of the tragedies of the whole civil rights movement is the inability of the white person to distinguish significant leadership." He appears to give equal weight to each man. Instead of analyzing Malcolm X, for instance, Warren quotes his agonized reasoning.

Yet, just as the reader is growing impatient, he is suddenly aware of the great honesty in this approach. "One should not," Warren writes, ". . . be too ready to risk an *argumentum ad hominem* in dealing with even the most ambition-bit demagogue bidding for fame, or some pathologically compulsive headline-grabber. On any particular issue, they may be right."

This possibility clearly worries Warren. He recalls that while living in England in 1929-30 he had written a "cogent and humane defense of segregation." Now he rejects the opportunity to commit the moment's certitudes to print. In the end, this soul-searching, this honesty, this rejection of glibness make *Who Speaks for the Negro?* significant.

As Warren's ear is turned outward, John A. Williams's in *This Is My Country, Too* turns inward. In fact, the book is doubly introspective. The *Holiday* magazine assignment that led to the piece was in itself a first-person project: to see how a Negro would fare in a cross-country journey with a luxurious new car and a goodly supply of credit cards. But Mr. Williams's journey is less geographical than emotional. The motels, restaurants, and highways seem almost superfluous; the story is in his own reactions.

This is no muckraking job. As a matter of fact, Williams's overt difficulties are not so great as the title might lead one to expect: only a couple of outright

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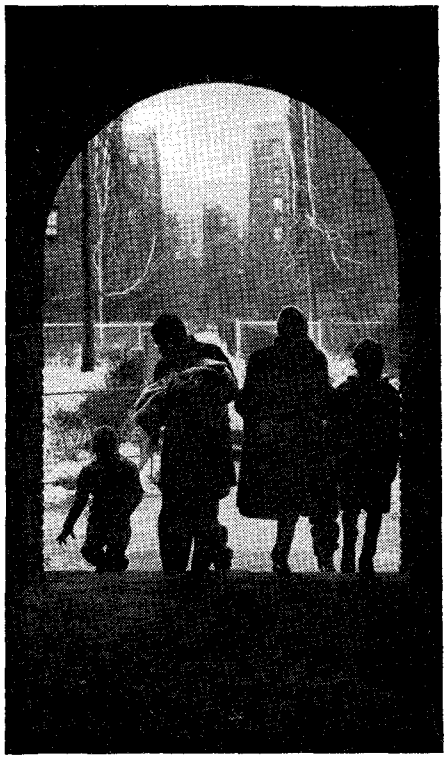
refusals of service, an insulting hotel clerk in Kansas, a bullying highway patrolman in Ohio. Williams's easy prose does not overcome the fact that the narrative lapses too often into the flavor of a perfunctorily kept diary.

What is interesting is not the events themselves but the author's perception of events. Though little unpleasant actually occurs, he is always on the raw edge of apprehension. When he kisses a white woman friend on the street, he expects to have to do battle with the white man waiting for a bus nearby. He is keenly aware that people are looking at him. He believes that a Negro, traveling alone, is putting his "life on the line by asking for a single for the night." In a white man, this attitude might be considered paranoid. For a Negro, the threat is more real than any white man likes to think.

It is this internal journey, in the end, that gives impact to the book.



—*From "At the Edge of Harlem."*

". . . human warmth, life, diversity . . ."

A People on the Way Up

The Puerto Ricans, *by Clarence Senior (Quadrangle. 128 pp. $3.50),* ***Spanish Harlem,*** *by Patricia Cayo Sexton (Harper & Row. 208 pp. $4.95), and* ***At the Edge of Harlem,*** *by Edward Wakin, with photographs by Edward Lettau (Morrow. 127 pp. $6), present an optimistic picture of mobile minority groups who are gradually moving toward a proper place in American life. Harrison E. Salisbury, a former foreign correspondent, wrote "The Shook-Up Generation," dealing with delinquency and similar problems in New York.*

By HARRISON E. SALISBURY

IT IS a virtue shared by these three books that each demonstrates in its own way the falsity of the notion that if we solve the "race" problem we will automatically solve all the other problems associated with slum life.

For, as each work demonstrates, the most important factor in slum life is not color. It is economics. If, today, New York and the nation are horrified at conditions in the ghetto of Harlem or Bedford-Stuyvesant, let them refresh their memory of what slums were like in America before the new spirit of social consciousness represented by the New Deal, and the abundance unleashed by it, the New Frontier, and the Great Society, began to exercise their ameliorating effects.

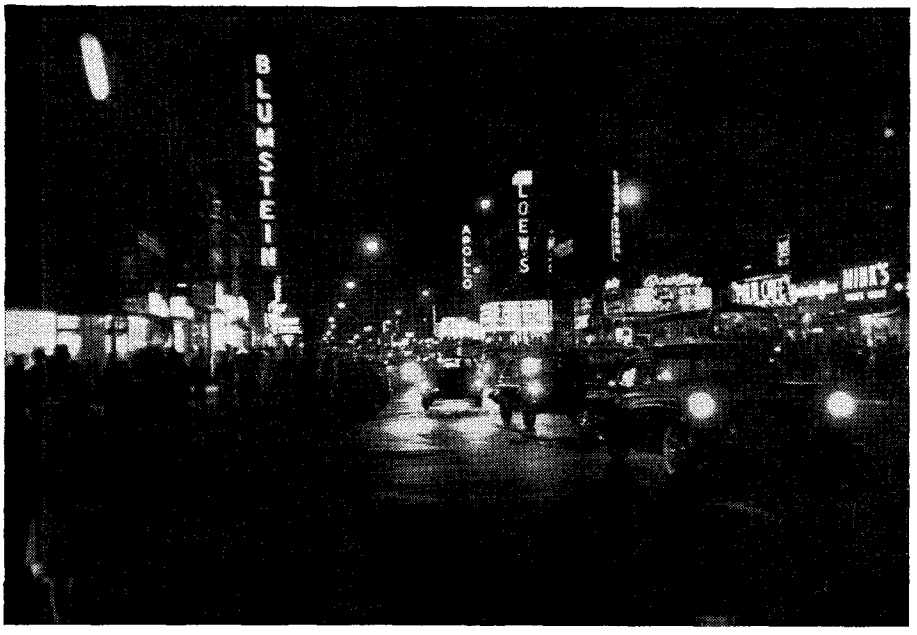
Just seventy-five years ago, when Jacob Riis was discovering the slums for his generation of Americans, he estimated that they harbored no less than three-quarters of New York's population. "In fifty years," he wrote, "they have crept up from the Fourth Ward slums and the Five Points the whole length of the island and have polluted the Annexed District [the Bronx] to the Westchester line. Crowding all the lower wards, wherever business leaves a foot of ground unclaimed; strung along both rivers, like ball and chain tied to the foot of every street, and filling up Harlem with their restless, pent-up multitudes, they hold within their clutch the wealth and business of New York, hold them at their mercy in the day of mob-rule and wrath."

Riis's observations are recalled by Clarence Senior not in order to minimize today's conditions but to give us a more realistic assessment of the genuine achievements and the possibilities for continued progress.

In *The Puerto Ricans* Mr. Senior deals with problems which New York has begun to realize are, in large measure, as self-liquidating as those of most of the earlier immigrant groups. Aided by a traditional culture, strong native reservoirs of talent, and with only a minor color handicap, the Puerto Ricans have already moved many notches up the ladder.

One possible cloud that lies on their horizon was noted by Dan Wakefield, whose classic Puerto Rican study, *Island in the City,* is supplemented but not displaced by Mr. Senior's work. Wakefield commented on the failure of the Puerto Ricans to emulate some earlier immigrant groups in moving into graft, crime, and politics. This, he wrily suggested, might slow down the rate of their upward mobility.

Patricia Sexton's *Spanish Harlem* supports Mr. Senior's optimism for the Puerto Rican future. Sensationalists sometimes describe East Harlem as New York's "worst" problem area—for crime,



—*From "At the Edge of Harlem."*

Harlem—a more important factor than color.

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for vile housing, for narcotics, for prostitution, for disease, for below-average schooling. But when the area is analyzed it looks quite different. It has a "mix"—41 per cent Puerto Rican, 38 per cent Negro, 21 per cent Italian and others. It is volatile: half its population has moved within a five-year period.

No one reading Mrs. Sexton's book will come away with a feeling of futility, of tasks beyond our ability. Rather, one shares her reaction: "I went to East Harlem in ignorance and hope. I came away less ignorant and no less hopeful. I saw things that most Americans miss. I saw what the poverty of the slum can mean in suffering and squalor, and I saw what it can mean in human warmth, life, diversity, color."

East Harlem is on the move. And if East Harlem can move, who is prepared to say that Central Harlem, and the multitude of smaller Harlems in Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland, and St. Louis cannot move as well?

But, it may be objected, what about color? What happens when the mobile middle-class Negro family moves out of the ghetto? *At the Edge of Harlem* takes up this problem with a case study of John Creary, his wife, and their six children, a Negro family carefully, purposefully discovering a new way of life at the edge of the ghetto. It is a life that preserves personal principles, yet samples and savors experiences in a once all-white world, in the expanding areas where individuals and groups drawn from both races are learning to relax, to work, to argue, to shop, to pray together with gradually lessening self-consciousness.

THE Crearys' story is not without rough edges. And more lie ahead. There is nothing in the difficulties which they have encountered to give any human heart grounds for complacency. But the evidence is equally clear that we have been moving forward.

Yet, a giant step remains, and it is the fine, intelligent, middle-class Crearys and their white counterparts who must take that step together. Will they succeed? The Crearys and their friends, in Edward Wakin's words, share "a profound sense of uncertainty—about life itself, about each man's ability to cope with it and about the added uncertainty facing Negro parents."

But their own life and conduct are built not upon uncertainty but upon confidence, upon faith in the solvability of problems, a faith that can only be strengthened by a critical assessment of the enormous distance already traveled, the transformation that has been wrought in the City of the Poor which Jacob Riis delineated in 1890 and the City of Abundance now beginning to take shape on the horizon of our dreams.

Summer Leaves the Lost Alone

August Is a Wicked Month, *by Edna O'Brien (Simon & Schuster. 220 pp. $3.95), concerns a woman whose inability to say no lands her in a constant round of predicaments. Elizabeth Janeway is the author of "Accident" and other novels.*

By ELIZABETH JANEWAY

EDNA O'BRIEN is right: August is a time of loose ends, a time of summer bachelors, of desolation, and sudden romances that spring up and die in a quick shower of shame. It is "time out" from the rest of the year, when lonely people, despairing of good fortune from the gods of the Regular Cycle of Life, reach out to each other, under a sun that seems to burn away the plodding responsibilities of winter and to offer a roof of brightness beneath which new loves and friendships can grow. Another country, another climate.

Then comes autumn. Suddenly reality sparkles with new promise. The season turns, life begins. Summer is over and the rank growth that reached toward the light so hopefully in August withers and dies.

Miss O'Brien's protagonist in what, after all, is so familiar a situation that musical comedies have been based on it, is not a summer bachelor experimenting with temporary freedom, or an unmarried girl determined to make the most of Italy or a vacation camp, but a figure more lost and adrift than either. Ellen, living in London, is a young divorcée with an eight-year-old son, a husband who visits occasionally and with whom she has reached a stage "of sullen peace [though] they talked now as she always feared they might, like strangers who had never been in love at all."

Ellen grew up in Ireland, in a tangle of family relationships and intimacies (they move dimly in her memory from time to time), and she is simply not adapted to living alone, responsible to and for no one. As the book opens, her husband is taking their boy off for a camping vacation. It is all agreed and amicable. But when they drive off, Ellen sits in the dark crying. She doesn't begin to know what to do with herself. Handsome, energetic, outgoing, extroverted, she is a person who can't just do nothing. There's a barrier missing between herself and life; she literally doesn't know how to say no. In a way she's frightening. Men who come to her in need are apt to run away again. She's too open, too easy. They can't believe she's as simple as all that—or life, either. When they stop to think about it, she behaves like a slut.

—*Horst Tapp.*

Edna O'Brien—"a little book about a big character."

Is she a slut? No. For she feels, participates, and shares. Yet any sensible person must despair of her. Lonely without her boy, taken up and then dropped by a man, Ellen goes off to France on one of those travel-agent-arranged vacations that the advertisements make at once so tempting and so unconvincing. "France will provide an adventure in all that is pleasurable in existence," says the booklet; the young man in the agency adds that it's "breathtaking," and Ellen heads for the South of France.

What happens to her there is horrible, funny, tragic, absurd. Does she get into trouble? Up to her neck. Does she make friends? Well—yes and no. She's so undiscriminating! That barrier she's missing is certainly the place where judgment lives, and self-protection, too. But if she were cautious she wouldn't be Ellen. She's magnificent, silly, dangerous to herself and to other people—and vividly alive. More than a character, she's a person who moves into your mind and upsets you, starts your memory and your emotions going. We've all known her one way or another, I suspect. She's not an "unforgettable character"; she's someone nextdoor or a girl you grew up with. To a man, perhaps, she's the

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one you loved first and didn't marry.

The rest of the book, outside of Ellen who is absolutely and utterly believable and moving, is a series of vivid episodes. Each one catches the reader as it occurs. But put together they somehow don't cohere. I found myself accepting everything as it happens, but not the totality of the story. It's as if Miss O'Brien were saying, "I know this girl [and, we agree, so do we] and this is the sort of thing that's always happening to her." Then she rattles off a string of anecdotes, and though it's clear that this *is* the sort of thing that happens to people like Ellen, the anecdotes don't stand up.

The world around Ellen flickers by, odd, not quite recognizable, too fast. Of course it is Ellen's world, and no doubt this is the way it seems to her. But to the rest of us, Ellen's world is not entirely plausible—that is part of the truth about Ellen. When she accepts events, we want to ask, "Why? Was it really like that? What did it mean?" Miss O'Brien won't tell.

Too bad. I know Miss O'Brien chose to do it this way, but I wish she hadn't. The reader is entitled to a frame for Ellen, just that bit more invention that would solidify her world and make it real for us. Miss O'Brien has written a little book about a big character.

I hope Ellen gets loose in a larger and more differentiated world in another book. She could stand up to it.

Night Thoughts from Olympus

Dialogues with Leucò, *by Cesare Pavese, translated from the Italian by William Arrowsmith and D. S. Carne-Ross (University of Michigan Press. 166 pp. $5), expresses, in imaginary conversations among characters from Greek myth, the author's unhappy observations on life. Lionel Casson, professor of classics at the Washington Square College of New York University and director of the Summer Session of the American Academy at Rome, has translated Lucian's "Dialogues," among other works.*

By LIONEL CASSON

CESARE PAVESE's biography reads more like romantic tragedy than real life. His childhood was spent in poverty, and from the age of six, when his father died, he was under the thumb of an austere martinet of a mother. In the Thirties Pavese laid the basis of his literary reputation by becoming Italy's foremost translator and interpreter of American literature. During the same period he passed a year in Mussolini's jails, and also suffered a trauma when he was brutally thrown over by a woman he loved deeply and devotedly. In the early Forties, while rising to eminence as one of Italy's most celebrated novelists and poets, he went through a second trying and unsuccessful love affair. In 1950, shortly after receiving the Strega Award for his fine novel *For Women Only*, he was rejected by another woman, this time an obscure American movie starlet for whom he had conceived a desperate passion. It proved to be the breaking point. Still in his early forties and at the very height of his fame, this lonely and troubled genius put an end to his unhappy life with an overdose of sleeping pills.

From 1935 to 1950, Pavese kept a diary (available in English under the title *This Business of Living*) in which he recorded the most meaningful observations on life and literature that occurred to him. His *Dialoghi con Leucò*, composed between 1945 and 1946 and published in 1947, are, as it were, variations on these themes. For, in these brief pieces, he takes the ideas baldly sketched in his diary and, to underscore their significance and universality, makes them the topics of imaginary dialogues between figures from Greek mythology.

In turning to such a device, Pavese followed a tradition that reaches back to the second century A.D., to the amusing and caustic dialogues between the gods of Olympus or between the shades of celebrities in Hades, invented by the famous Greek satirist Lucian. These have served as inspiration for some of the great names in Western literature—Erasmus, Boileau, Fénelon, Voltaire, Landor.

MOST adopters of the form have used it with a light touch. Pavese, however, is somber and serious, putting into the mouths of his speakers his pessimistic and deeply felt views of the world and its ways. The familiar Olympian deities —Zeus, Apollo, Athena, etc.—are conspicuously absent. We listen most often either to those who knew the world before the Olympians came into it, or those who felt the Olympians' ruthless might after the latter had grasped the reins of power. The world was a far more joyous place, Pavese has his speakers point out, in primitive times when all beings lived without inhibitions and in their natural state. Then came the Olympians to introduce order—but introducing order meant, at the same time, ruthlessness and destruction. The Olympians, though called immortals, are not truly so; they are the creation of men's fears, and will live only so long as those fears last. For all their seeming blissfulness, they are accursed: they have the gift of foreknowledge, which means that they cannot experience life; they can only exist. Humans, who know nothing of the future, are the sole beings for whom this unique experience is possible. It is no wonder that Zeus so often sought to be among them.

An air of melancholy, of regret for lost pleasures, even of despair, haunts these pieces. Greek myths, not exactly joyous to begin with, can take on an added dimension of grimness in Pavese's hands. His Orpheus, for example, explains that when he looked back at Eurydice and thereby caused her return to the underworld, he did so deliberately, for he realized that death was nothingness, and that a Eurydice returned to life with death in her bones was a hopeless illusion. His Sappho observes that love means only bitterness and torment (certainly it meant only that for Pavese himself), that one woman alone—Helen —was successful at it, and then only by leaving behind her a path of fire and slaughter.

THE translation, the first in English, is good, but not as good as it could be. In a check limited to two dialogues selected at random, I found three out-and-out mistakes (when Ixion explains to a cloud that a god he saw was *della stessa carne tua* he means "was of the same substance as you," not "a creature of flesh, like you"); several places in which the proper tone was missed ("Go on. Cry," for Leucothea's *ecco, piangi* to the abandoned Ariadne, distorts her attitude; the words mean rather, "There, there, you have your cry"); three phrases that had been inadvertently omitted, and half a dozen places where the translators, in my judgment, quite unnecessarily over-interpreted (why not simply "You haven't told me who you are" for Ariadne's *Non mi hai detto chi sei*, instead of "Look, who *are* you?," which makes her sound like a rather truculent tart). There are some freshman-level mistakes in English grammar and a disturbing inconsistency in the use of contracted verb forms. In short, the translation, though it reads smoothly, shows signs of hasty workmanship. Lastly, I think it was a mistake not to include a translators' foreword; Pavese is hardly so well known to Americans that he needs no introduction.

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You Can't Go Home to Stay

Island of Salvation, *by Wlodzimierz Odojewski, translated from the Polish by Davis Welsh (Harcourt, Brace & World. 248 pp. $4.75), enters a young boy's dream world, to which he has retreated to escape the stresses of postwar Poland. Harold B. Segel, an associate professor of Slavic languages at Columbia University, is a specialist in Polish literature.*

By HAROLD B. SEGEL

MAN'S inability to find in his past a refuge from reality, to make of the past an "island of salvation"—this is the theme of the second novel of the young Polish writer Wlodzimierz Odojewski to come to the attention of the English reader. (In 1964 his novel *The Dying Day* won critical praise.) Although the desire for escape is motivated by the stresses of post-World War II Polish life, *Island of Salvation* is not a political novel, nor is it a work solely for the initiated. In a lyrical, poeticized style, reminiscent at times of the early-twentieth-century Polish novelist Stefan Zeromski, Odojewski traces the stubborn, inescapable insinuation of reality into the consciousness of a young boy, Peter, who returns in 1942 to the estate of his grandparents, from which he and his family were driven by the Soviet-Nazi "partition" of Poland in 1939. Despite the war raging all around it, life at Chupryn appears to Peter to go on exactly as it had before, unchanged, capable of sheltering him from the conflicts he leaves behind.

Chupryn and its people are seen by Peter as through a haze. This dreamlike quality is effectively conveyed by the drifting character of the narration, by its not being broken into chapters.

Gradually, but with grim persistence, the reality of the anguish of war, of the year 1942, invade the dream world of Peter and destroy it. But this destruction is not without its positive side, for it becomes the agent by which he is metamorphosed from a boy into a man. When the process of change is complete, Peter emerges from the world of illusion carrying a wisdom appropriate to his new maturity: a recognition that the past can never become an impregnable shelter from the present and that one should press on from the present into the future, preserving from the past only what can offer sustenance on the journey.

Wlodzimierz Odojewski—"lyrical."

A poignant literary experience, Odojewski's sensitive novel is marred only occasionally by a too obvious enunciation of the theme and by the translator's refusal to compromise with a strict fidelity to the style of the original for the sake of a somewhat more readable English.

The Reeling Death: "You know who the critics are? The men who have failed in literature and art." Though Benjamin Disraeli wrote those words many years ago, a reading of *One by One* (Atheneum, $3.95) will prove that they still have validity. The author, Penelope Gilliatt, is one of London's leading dramatic critics, according to transatlantic grapevine; her novel is a most disappointing affair.

The setting is present-day London, caught in the grip of a mysterious plague that sends its victims reeling about like drunks before they die. Where the plague has come from, how it spreads, why it leaves—these are matters of no concern to the author. One could tolerate this if Miss Gilliatt demonstrated any real interest in the hero and heroine she has plunked down in the middle of her plague. But no, she regularly abandons them—as well as her narrative—in favor of chunks of reportage on the effects of plague on British shipping, etc., and for chatty little editorials in the first person plural: "Under our possessive excitement about a hot spell, which is comic to anyone used to a more regular climate, and under the pleasure of adjusting to a kind of ease that even melts the edges of the class system a little, the English sometimes seem to get a buried suspicion that some compensation is going to be extracted for good weather."

Since Miss Gilliatt doesn't seem to care enough for her people to stick with them through the hells she has dreamed up, it is not surprising that the reader is more confused than moved by their fate. Though neither the author nor her hero ever discovers a method of avoiding infection, there is one easy way: don't open *One by One*.

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

Make Believe Youdunit: There was once a little boy who liked to make believe he was somebody else, preferably someone dangerous like a cowboy or an Indian. He met a little girl who liked to make believe she was married to a poisoner. So he played poisoner with her for a while, until he got bored and went swimming, where he met another little girl. She also liked to make believe she was married to a murderer, but her murderer did his killing with an airplane. So the little boy played war ace with her. But she got tired of the game before he did and went away, leaving him with the little girl who liked to play poisoner. But he wouldn't play poisoner any more, and she wouldn't play war ace, and so they lived unhappily together for a while, hating each other very much. Finally she got so mad at him that she broke his toy airplane, so he walloped her and she had to go to the hospital. The end.

Move everybody's age up a quarter-century or so; make the poisoner the famous Dr. Crippen; make the first girl ambisexual; make the second girl an admirer of Richthofen and also ambisexual. Mix in plenty of sex and squalor, and stir sluggishly. Then simmer in a prose thickly manured with unwashed old clothing from a sort of London Thrift Shop. Drench with whiskey, sprinkle heavily with vomit, and serve.

Result? Well, the jacket for Peter Everett's *Negatives* (Simon & Schuster, $4.95) quotes someone from *The Manchester Guardian* who calls it "a brilliant macabre tour de force." And adds, "This will stay with me for a long time."

Me, too. Once I started it, I couldn't put it down. When I finished it, I could hardly *keep* it down.

"May howls of protest hound it into the best-seller lists!" says the obviously anti-American *Yorkshire Post*.

—NICHOLAS SAMSTAG.

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Passion That Poisons Our Daily Bread

A Sense of Life, by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, translated from the French by Adrienne Foulke (Funk & Wagnalls. 231 pp. $5), collects some previously unpublished writings by the pilot-poet, including his thoughts on the Spanish Civil War and on war in general. Louis Fischer, who covered the Spanish Civil War for The Nation, is the author of "A Life of Mahatma Gandhi," "The Soviets in World Affairs," "The Story of Indonesia: Old Land, New Nation," and "A Life of Lenin." The last won the 1964 National Book Award for Biography.

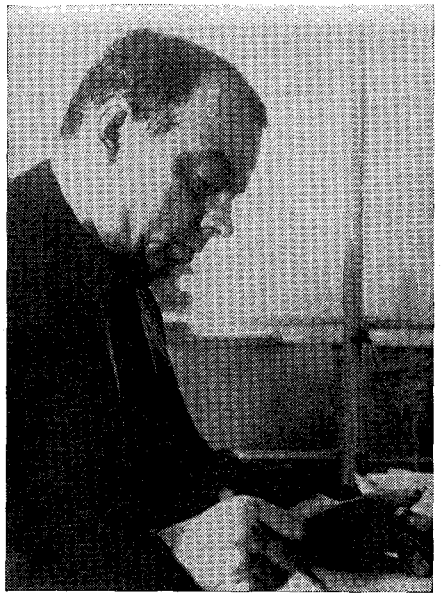
By LOUIS FISCHER

ANTOINE DE SAINT-EXUPERY was a hero to a generation of Frenchmen in the 1930s and Forties, and remains a hero in France today. He was also a hero to many Americans. And he wrote like an angel about matters relevant to our lives today.

A twin of the twentieth century, St. Ex, as his colleagues called him, was over age in 1943 when he joined a French air squadron near Algiers. During the early days of his training period he wrote a long letter reproduced in this volume. "Ours," he declared, "is a decadent society that has declined from the level of Greek tragedy to the clichés of escapist comedy. (How much lower can one sink?) Ours is the age of publicity and the point system, of totalitarian governments and armies without flags or bugles or services for their dead. . . . I hate my own period with all my heart. Today man is dying of thirst." Is that why men drink so much and youngsters take dope?

"Suppose," he asks in the same letter, "we do achieve the mass distribution of perfectly machined musical instruments. Where will the musician be? The possibility that I may be killed in this war is not important. . . . But if I do come back alive from the thankless job that must be done, it will be to face only one challenge: What can one, what must one, say to men?"

He did not come back. This volume is, in a way, his testament to young and old, to powermen and laymen, to those who can lend an ear and those who are dumb.



Antoine de Saint-Exupéry: "Each individual is an empire."

It is often cruel to reprint, after thirty years, what someone wrote about a week's or a month's tour of a country he did not know, and this applies to Saint-Exupéry's comments on the Russia of 1935. But he does bring the Spanish Civil War to life, because there he was free to mingle with peasants in their villages and with soldiers in the front line that ran through a suburb of Madrid.

Saint-Exupéry loved people. To him, "each individual is an empire"; and he was a genius at invading these empires with a squadron of words that flow from the heart.

He hated war. "A moral role?" he exclaims. "But a bombardment turns against the bombarder! Each shell that fell on Madrid fortified something in the town. . . . It was clear to me that a bombardment did not disperse—it unified. Horror causes men to clench their fists, and in horror men join together." (Nevertheless, the stronger battalions and bombarders won and inaugurated decades of Francoism.)

St.Ex was a logical if lyrical Frenchman, and he knew that "if we merely recite the horrors of war, we will never prevail against war." Rather, he suggests, we must try to understand "why it is that we make war when we realize that it is monstrous and senseless. . . . The familiar explanations of savage instincts, greed, blood lust . . . overlook what is truly essential. They ignore the asceticism that surrounds war."

But he does not leave the reader suspended in helplessness. He offers an answer: "If we want to come to grips with what is universal in war we must forget such things as opposing camps and we must avoid arguing over ideologies. . . . Do not insist that your beliefs are evidence of the truth, for in that case, is not each of us right? . . . We must put aside the passions and beliefs that divide us."

Passions and emotions are the chief ingredients of politics everywhere, and therefore of international frictions and wars. So Saint-Exupéry hunts for the hidden springs of man's actions. In war, he confesses, there is a sense of individual fulfillment, of comradeship in breaking bread; "But of this bread men die." Consequently "we cannot draw a free breath unless we are bound to others by a common and disinterested ideal. . . . To those of us who have known the joy of rescuing a crew downed in the Sahara, all other pleasures seem empty." There is salvation and freedom in sacrifice, in identification with human beings in distress. "What all of us want," he adds, "is to be set free. . . . There is nothing dramatic in the world, nothing pathetic, except in human relations." Strange—or is it?—that all those who dig deep come to the golden vein of Gandhian love.

This book is full of memorable quotes. Saint-Exupéry had the knack of getting under the skin of universal and eternal problems and then saying something meaningful. In this posthumous book, as in earlier ones, he accomplished what all authors would like to achieve: he takes the reader not only outside of himself but above himself. Let St.Ex carry you in his flimsy mail plane across the Andes in a cyclone, and you will forget you are angry. He enriches life by depicting the abyss of death.

WHAT GOOD will it do to win this war if we then face a century-long crisis of revolutionary epilepsy? Once the question of German aggression is settled, the real problems will begin to emerge. It is quite unlikely that speculation on the New York Stock Exchange will suffice at the end of this war, as it did in 1919, to distract humanity from its real troubles. If a strong spiritual force is absent, there will be dozens of sectarian faiths sprouting up like so many mushrooms, each at odds with the other. A quaintly outdated Marxism will disintegrate into a swarm of competitive neo-Marxisms. (This is already evident in Spain.) Unless, of course, a French Caesar appears and installs us in a new-socialist concentration camp for all eternity. . . .

—*From "A Sense of Life."*

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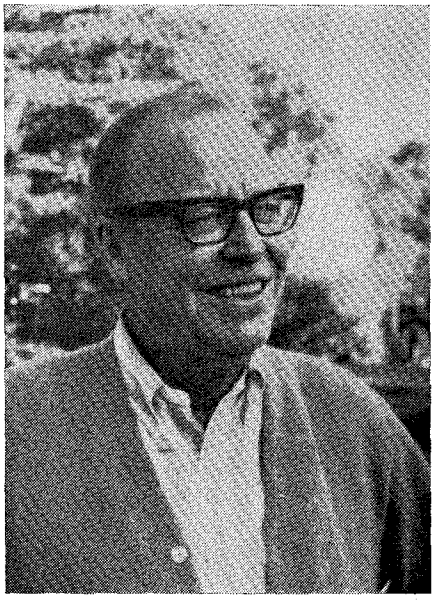
The Big Sky Smiled

The Blue Hen's Chick: A Life in Context, *by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. (McGraw-Hill. 261 pp. $5.95), reveals, in a series of vignettes of the author's past life, a man "with the bark on." Robert L. Perkin was for many years book review editor of the Rocky Mountain News in Denver, Colo.*

By ROBERT L. PERKIN

"AND HERE you are," the autobiographer sums up, "the product of what has gone before; yet not all of it can account for the you that you've become." Still and all, the blue hen's chick—the one on whom fortune and the big sky have smiled.

A. B. Guthrie's account of his life thus far, though he calls it an exercise in exhibitionism at one remove, is unpretentious and candid. *The Blue Hen's Chick* is no graceful memoir of a life well or illy spent such as might come from a proper English man of letters looking back, at the age of sixty-four, on a series of well-ordered, formative conflicts as they merged into a canon of comfortable verities. Guthrie's verities are modestly tentative.



A. B. Guthrie, Jr.: "On the wall it was written that Montana was home."

The function of autobiography, I judge, is the understanding of a man on his own terms. We wind up knowing him better, or knowing what he is willing to have known, or, in the end, sensing what he thinks he has discovered among the mysteries of self. The admixture is here, and in its essence lies a ready explanation of why Guthrie is called "Bud" even by chance acquaintances. You just don't call friends by their full-dress handles. Square names are for strangers, preachers, and bank presidents. (The nickname originated, Guthrie tells us, because a baby sister couldn't say "Bertram," but this is only supplementary information for the record.)

HERE is a man, nominally a hairy-eared newspaper scribbler, who evolved by hard work and tough dreaming into a Pulitzer Prize novelist and, moreover, evolved unscathed by fame, financial success, or Hollywood. Not unchanged, of course, but undiminished. The rough portrait which emerges is that of a man, in Frank Dobie's phrase, with the bark on—tough-minded and perceptive, durable and pliant, not merely living but involved with life. Guthrie's scope includes sentiment in its place, a robust four-letter word when called for, bird-watching, the skills of English style (I commend to every aspirant author his chapter of maxims on usage), and a decent respect for a hooker of old bourbon. This last demonstrates a profound strength of character. He was dosed as a child with a compound of castor oil and whiskey as a cure for colds, and it was only after many years of perseverance that he could acquire a taste for man's natural beverage.

The Blue Hen's Chick also evokes another borrowed phrase: Sandburg's "slabs of the sunburnt West." The method is loosely chronological, the mood one of gentle philosophy tempered by virile prejudices, and the manner is broad brush. Guthrie sketches his life not as a narrative but as a series of vignettes, many in continuity but some, one suspects, slabbed in just because the flavor is right. And although much of the book deals with other climes—his twenty-one years as a Kentucky newspaperman, a year at Harvard on a Nieman fellowship, craft-sharpening sojourns at Bread Loaf and in Hollywood—the wide sky of Montana, its sun and its cold, burns into every page. "On the wall it was written that Montana was home."

GUTHRIE went to Montana as an infant in 1901, son of a mild schoolmaster with a hair-trigger temper and a hard-working mother who saw too many of her babies die in childhood. Both parents were college graduates, and it simply was assumed the children would receive higher education. Young Bud grew up on the almost-frontier, knowing only that the generous space was great for boyish pursuits and realizing later that "in populated places the child of field and village too often feels unwise and outcast and wants to get back home." As blueprinted, he went to college, kicked around Mexico, California, and Pennsylvania during the Depression, then landed on the staff of the *Lexington Leader* in Kentucky to stay until a Nieman fellowship sent him to Harvard and on to Bread Loaf, where *The Big Sky* took shape.

He rambled. Then he went home to Montana, "the great crystal reaches and the stoneblue heights," a Pulitzer in his grasp, commanding film rights in six figures. He has remained a Westerner, a maverick, though not uncritically so. He loves Montana and Montanans, but, he fears, both live lives out of context, in a sort of chamber of commerce immediacy, without antecedents, without pledges to the future, and with no urgent sense of need for either.

A Westerner. How does a Westerner differ, if he does, from other Americans? Guthrie devotes his last chapter, a lonely chapter filled with outward beauty and inward tension, to an oblique attempt to define the difference. On the morning his father first came to Choteau, Montana, he filled his lungs and said aloud, "By George, I'm free!" His son puts it thus: "Internal fret is fret enough."

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The New Moiseyev—Steinberg's Bruckner

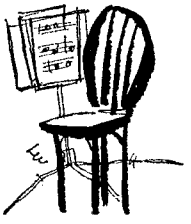
IS IGOR MOISEYEV becoming Americanized? That ominous possibility emerged from the performance in the Metropolitan Opera House that reintroduced, for its third round of appearances, the dance company from Moscow associated with his name. No longer, as it was at its memorable debut here in 1958, simply the Moiseyev Dance Company, it now bears the subtitle "The State Academic Ensemble of Popular Dance of the Soviet Union." The order of dancing accomplishment is no less phenomenal, but the changes that have crept in are more than nominal.

The company appears to be younger, which is an inevitable form of renewal for a group that reached its first peak, after long years of effort, nearly a decade ago. But the girls seem to be chosen as much for comeliness as for dancing skill, and there is more stress on paint and rouge and such other cosmetic details as shinier (and probably costlier) materials for costumes. Along with these outer alterations is a subtler shift of emphasis from characterization to acrobatics, from a broad perspective of folk-founded dance to spectacular knee bends, squats, kicks, and other feats of agility that reach out for applause.

Moiseyev has made a creditable effort to vary his prior formula with an opening (for the entire company) in practice clothes titled *Exercises on a Russian Theme*. Done at the *barre*, it has both charm and interest, as well as a subtle suggestion of the academic discipline that underlies the company's folk-founded dancing. This passes, with scarcely a break, into a sequence of Ukrainian, Hungarian, Bulgarian, and Polish dances, all cleverly choreographed by Moiseyev, but by the measure of some past progams, streamlined, high-pressured, depersonalized. Now and then, the glint of humor that gave such a lift to the first encounter with Moiseyev's art beamed through, especially in a lively domestic quarrel choreographed to the *Trepak* from Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker*, but not as often or as long as one would have wished.

The most amusing addition to the company's repertory for this visit is entitled *Sanchakou* (translated as *At the Turn of the Road*). This relates, wholly in pantomine, a Chinese fable of an innkeeper who suspects a guest of being an assassin and the guest who suspects the intruder who enters his darkened room (the innkeeper) of being a bandit. Their efforts to subdue each other, first by swordplay, and then by gymanstics, is "highlighted," if the term is permissible, by the assumption that it is being done in total darkness—while the stage is brightly lit. The tall Lev Golovanov and the diminutive Vassily Savin perform their lunges and *ripostes*, near-misses and blundering saves in a perfect simulation of a "blind" fury, against a punctation of cymbal and gong that provide a rhythmic frame for this special kind of choreographic.

By any standard other than its own lofty one, the relentless pace of this pre-



sentation, its skylarking exuberance and meticulous precision is dance effort of a very high order. But one missed the relaxed poetry of the Ukrainian *Vesnyanki*, the lively satire of *Soccer*, a sample or two of the round dance that measured the company's skill in characterization as well as physical discipline. To be sure, *Sunday in the Park* is delightfully performed and *Partisans*, with its unbelievable gliding movement, is every bit the miraculous thing at the tenth viewing that it was at the first. If the emphasis in this program is on things that will stand up in the mammoth Madison Square Garden, where the company has a two-week booking to come, rather than in the more "intimate" Met, where its engagement has long since been sold out, that clearly is the price that Moiseyev is paying for his success.

As a summation of the values that William Steinberg had imparted to the New York Philharmonic's year-long Bruckner Cycle, his direction of the composer's Fifth Symphony was well placed in the next to last week of the Philharmonic Hall season. The sense of proportion, discipline, and control that had been admired in his earlier performances of Bruckner were marshaled to such effect that the pronouncement of the climaxing chorale by the standing brass choir was wholly in keeping with what had preceded. But why compromise the composer's concept by an intermission between the first movement and the last three? This amounts to taking away, with the left hand, what is being offered, in esteem, by the right.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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SR Recommends

BOOKS

Fiction

DOG YEARS, Günter Grass; tr. from the German by Ralph Manheim. Harcourt, Brace & World, $6.95. (*SR,* May 29)—The incredible odyssey of a gentile and a Jew through the jungle of life in Germany just before, during, and after the Hitler era. A veritable *Comédie Humaine* with overtones of Boccaccio, Rabelais, and Dante.

THE SOURCE, James A. Michener. Random House, $7.95 (*SR,* May 29)—Uses the device of an archeological dig to peel back layer after layer of Hebraic history with remarkable erudition and moving human detail. Concludes with problems of present-day Israel as exemplified by the five persons associated with the dig.

NOT FOR PUBLICATION AND OTHER STORIES, Nadine Gordimer. Viking, $4.95 (*SR,* May 8)—These stories, set mostly in South Africa, capture, with rare accuracy, people in varied postures of human frailty.

VISA FOR AVALON, Bryher. Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.50 (*SR,* May 15)—The very real suspense hinges on the probable success or failure of two middle-aged people trying to emigrate from an England about to be conquered by its own barbarians. It is achieved by a skill with details that gives the homely touch to extraordinary moments and evokes the secret poetry of some ordinary people.

A GREEN TREE IN GEDDE, Alan Sharpe. New American Library, $5. (*SR,* May 8)—This first novel shows the influence of D. H. Lawrence, Henry Miller, and Lawrence Durrell, but the author speaks with his own voice, making much of both the poetry and comedy of sex.

EVERYTHING THAT RISES MUST CONVERGE, Flannery O'Connor. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95. (*SR,* May 29.)—A posthumous collection of superb and terrible short stories in which human beings are described with marvelous precision but no compassion.

Nonfiction

RUSSIA AFTER KHRUSHCHEV, Robert Conquest. Praeger, $5. (*SR,* May 8)—Explains why the author thinks the Soviet Union can survive as a nation only through a decisive transformation of her political system.

KHRUSHCHEV AND THE ARTS: THE POLITICS OF SOVIET CULTURE, 1962-1964, text by Priscilla Johnson, documents selected and edited by Priscilla Johnson and Leopold Labedz. MIT Press, $7.50 (*SR,* May 8)—Offers evidence to show that the upsurge of liberal, creative forces among Russia's youth is so powerful and courageous that it is now able to move forward almost without loss of momentum regardless of the political switchbacks—and will continue to do so unless the USSR's rulers revert to brute force.

THE REAWAKENING, Primo Levi; tr. from the Italian by Stuart Woolf. Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4.75 (*SR,* May 15)—The author, who wrote of his imprisonment in Auschwitz in *If This Is a Man,* here tells of his long march home to Italy, of the other refugees whom he encountered, and of how he became once more sensible of the joy of life. Ranks with *The Diary of Anne Frank.*

WINSTON CHURCHILL: AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT, Violet Bonham Carter. Harcourt, Brace & World, $8.50. (*SR,* May 29)—The author, as the daughter of Prime Minister Asquith, observed the career of the early Churchill at close range and in telling of it conveys his genius in its human quality as well as its political depth.

MOVIES

CAT BALLOU (*SR,* May 15)—An often hilarious satire on Westerns and folk ballads which is at its best when Lee Marvin comes on in the role of a whisky-soaked old professional gun-fighter.

THE PAWNBROKER (*SR,* Apr. 3)—Distinguished by a remarkable performance by Rod Steiger as a former concentration camp inmate who recovers, among the prostitutes and drug addicts of Harlem, the capacity for feeling.

THEATER

HALF A SIXPENCE (*SR,* May 15)—A sunny and carefree musical comedy built around Tommy Steele, the best song-and-dance entertainer Britain has sent us since Anthony Newley.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER, REVISITED (*SR,* Apr. 17)—Taking the thirty-five Cole Porter songs least likely to be heard on Musak, Ben Bagley and five musical comedy stars have fashioned a contagiously joyous evening of camp. Also . . .

THE FANTASTICKS, THE KNACK, THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES, and, if you can get tickets, **THE ODD COUPLE, GOLDEN BOY, FIDDLER ON THE ROOF** and **LUV.**

ART

Exhibitions

GIACOMETTI, Museum of Modern Art, New York. A retrospective exhibition of sculpture, paintings, and drawings by one of the world's greatest living artists. Starting with works from the Twenties, the show includes his most recent plaster sculptures. Opens June 9.

2,000 YEARS OF CALLIGRAPHY, Peabody Library, Walters Art Gallery, and Baltimore Museum of Art. From early Roman stone slabs to contemporary American and English calligraphy, this three-part exhibition in Baltimore features illuminated manuscripts, letters from Michelangelo and Bronzino, copies of important calligraphy books, and elaborate scrolls. Opens June 6.

CHILDE HASSAM, Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C. A major retrospective exhibition of an outstanding American impressionist, it covers fifty years of Hassam's work. Oils, pastels, and watercolors have been borrowed from American museums and private collections.

JUSTIN K. THANNHAUSER COLLECTION, Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York. World-famous nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century paintings, seventy-five of which were recently bequeathed to the museum, testify to the knowledge and taste of this New York collector.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Publications

FAREWELL TO EDEN, Matthew Huxley and Cornell Capa. Harper & Row, $15—Two exceptionally sensitive reporters team camera-work and text to document the life of a primitive tribe whose small Stone Age paradise in Peru faces invasion by powdered milk, penicillin, and progress.

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Always on Sunday

SUNDAY in Tokyo makes little difference to anyone who works in a department store, for Sunday is a day designed for the laborer and office worker. The streets are crowded with strollers and shoppers and so, for that matter, are the department stores, most of which stay open. They are huge, efficient, imaginative, and they practice every sales technique known to Macy's and then add a few Oriental niceties of their own. A trim young lady in uniform stands at every escalator landing, bowing to the customers and dusting the moving handrails.

Children love to go to department stores because most of them have roof gardens and, beginning in early spring, they become a cross between a carnival and a fair. Music tinkles across the rooftop and fountains splash. There are counters set up in the open that sell dogs and birds. Kids take rides on merry-go-rounds or stand around goldfish tanks with hookless fishing lines and try to bring in a fish. The smaller ones use nets, picking out the favorites they want for the tank back home.

Part of the day's outing includes a treat in the dining rooms or grill rooms of the department stores, usually located a floor below the roof. At Matsuya the other Sunday, shoppers were viewing the plaster models of the dishes offered on the menu, a popular device in Japanese restaurants. The Oriental dishes were still there, but one could also order a bacon and cheese sandwich, chicken salad, fried chicken, and a chocolate ice cream soda. When eating out, at least in the big cities, Japan has a choice of two cultures. I would judge that some of the trend has invaded private homes, too, for Matsuya's grocery department was displaying a custard called "Puddy," and also Dutch peanut butter, Dole pineapple, Libby's corned beef tinned in far-off Paraguay, and a variety of items brought in from Australia that would more than likely interest only Western palates. Although Japan grows some of the largest and most splendid strawberries I have ever seen, Matsuya imports tinned strawberries clear from Bulgaria and sells them for 100 yen, or about 25 cents.

All of Tokyo's department stores make an effort to attract Western tourists and shoppers, maintaining information desks on the main floor staffed by English-speaking aides. Some have interpreters who will help Western shoppers make their purchases, an expensive practice for the stores but almost a necessary one for those who don't speak Japanese. Although the floor plan of Matsuya's, for example, is printed in English and will explain where to buy everything from an *obi*-sash to a mattress, the problems multiply once one faces the clerk behind the counter. It was only after considerable sign language, interspersed with many giggles, that a friend and I made known to the clerk at the men's wear counter that we wanted to buy some underwear. In a last-minute dash for the airport I had somehow neglected to pack that item. I took the largest size they had, but even though I am a person of moderate stature by Western standards, it later proved to be about two sizes too small. I could only harken back to the days of my first trip to Japan in the early Fifties when I had stayed at the old Imperial, in the original building designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. The doorways were built low to accommodate the short Japanese, and Western

—*Marc Ribaud (Magnum).*

This Japanese girl apparently has some reservations about Western dresses.

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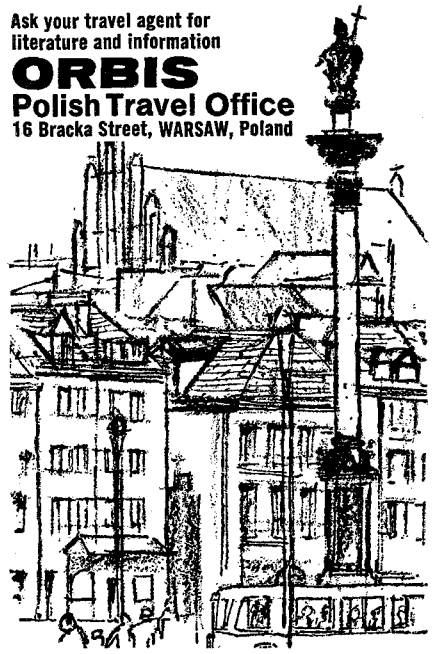

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THE DELTA REVIEW MAGAZINE

Box 112, Greenville (writing capital of the South), Miss.

—*Hiroshi Hamaya (Magnum).*

Shopping in Tokyo—The department stores are huge and efficient, and stay open on Sunday. The clerks are well-trained and tactful.

guests had to reach down to the undersized wash basins, which were also in the local scale.

The old Imperial building, once the lone major hotel in Tokyo, is still standing, but one hears that its days may be numbered. The Imperial already has made two new additions, but it also has new competition from a dozen new hotels, among them the handsome hilltop Tokyo Hilton, the luxurious Okura, and the giant New Otani, to mention only a few.

We paid a sentimental excursion to the arcade of the Imperial, honeycombed with shops, and found it still crowded with tourists shuffling over the aging floors. The camera shops were selling ready-made slides, in color, of the Crown Prince's wedding, of the new Hiroshima, of tea ceremonies and flower arranging. Radios, pearls, jewels, and fieldglasses could all be bought tax-free upon presentation of one's passport. The saving on a Nikon was not startling, but was considerable all the same. A camera that normally would cost $197 would be reduced to $172.29 for a tourist. And one shop was willing to drop the price to $160. Tax-free merchandise, however, cannot be sent. It must be carried and it has to be shown to Customs on the way out of the country.

When we emerged into the street again, the crowds were still heavy and the sun was trying heroically to take the chill off the last days of the flagging season. A boy passed with a sprig of forsythia in his buttonhole and a girl came along with a sweatshirt imprinted with pictures of the Beatles. We caught one of the trim new taxis, went dodging through the traffic, and paid a pilgrimage to the Correspondents Club for lunch and a sentimental look. Much of the action, since the war, has moved from Korea to Vietnam, shifting news centers from Tokyo to Hong Kong, from where the correspondents can buzz off quickly to Saigon or Singapore. But three helmet liners still sit on a shelf above the bar and they are said to be donned quickly by occupants of the place when correspondents arrive from far and dangerous parts bringing stories of adventures. One helmet is labeled "War Stories," another "TS Stories," and the third "Riot and Coup d'Etat Stories."

A whole Sunday afternoon being upon us, we decided, upon the advice of certain regular habitués of the Press Club, that we ought to see Yomiuri Land, the Japanese version of Disneyland. We were also advised to take a car rather than submit ourselves to the public rails. This was to be, however comfortable, a large mistake, for the road to Yomiuri Land is narrow and crowded and was filled not only with Sunday drivers but, since commerce doesn't altogether cease on Sundays, with trucks as well. Our driver bore, we thought, a rather striking

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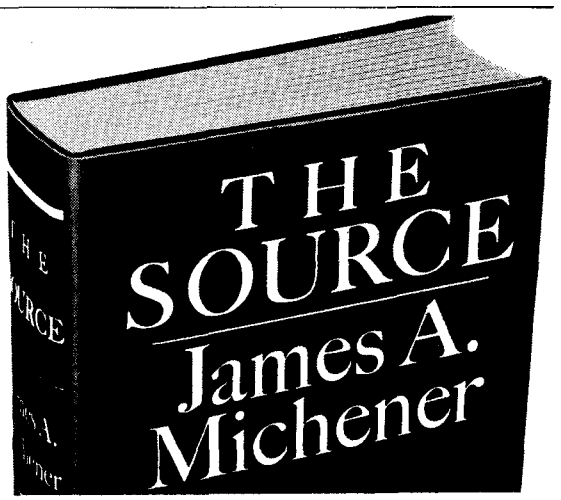

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resemblance to Odd-job, the burly practitioner of all trades who made such a striking performance in *Goldfinger*, and had he cruised in the direction of a junkyard in the manner of Fleming's original, my friend and I were both prepared to ditch him.

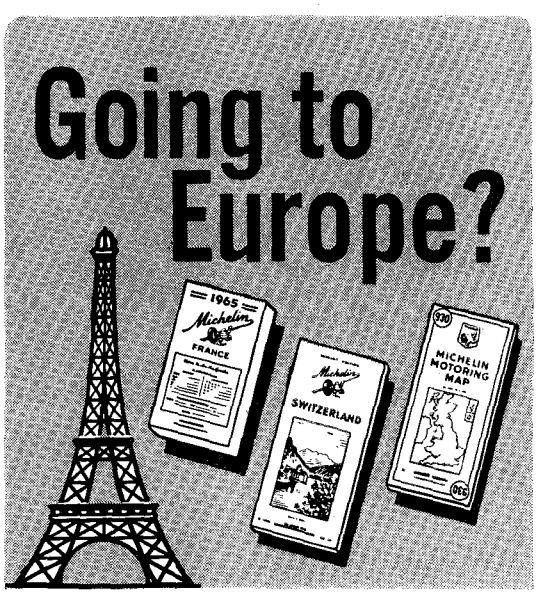
Our driver spoke a certain English that he had learned from films, and he also had some phrases and sentences that he had either copied, overheard, or read and were now neatly penciled in a notebook to which he frequently referred. In pursuit of better English, he had seen, he assured me, a film called *Singing in the Rain* five times. Ten years ago, he said, he had seen *Annie Get Your Gun* ten times, which was thus far his personal record. He obligingly let me see his notebook, which included some phrases that set my mind to wandering. "When the police come, you know nothing," said the first, followed by the query, "Would you like some dip?" I hardly knew how that sentence would be of any aid to him with his passengers but presumably he had his own reasons. There followed a whole series of sentences that needed nothing more than a proper response to form a fascinating colloquy. "I have never done anything like this before," said the first, followed in order, at least in his book if not in any special context, by "Get your clothes," "You get out of here," "We're going to my apartment," followed at last by a polite but rather forbidding entry, "Would you be so kind as to call the police?"

We arrived at Yomiuri Land to find it, at first look anyway, a rather scrubby version of Disneyland, if indeed that is exactly what it is. It mixes culture, religion, sports, and amusements in a vast hilly area. Included in the culture zone is a marine aquarium, a concert hall surrounded by a forest of bamboo trees, and two color television studios, one of which can accommodate a live audience of 1,000. Sacred Ground Park, as the religious zone is called, has some national treasures, including some sacred ashes and hairs of Buddha. Also on hand are a pair of 400-year-old, three-foot-long salamanders, and a Ceylon tea house that serves Ceylon tea.

By far the most interesting area is the sports zone, which, aside from a huge roller rink, two swimming pools, and a fish pond, features an artificial skiing area called, in a rather typical Japanese way, I think, the Ever-Snow Skiing Center. Skiers slide down plastic tracks at Ever Snow, one of which is for novices, one for intermediates, and the steepest for experts. There is, besides, a ski jump that seemed to me to be as formidable as anything I had seen in Norway or Snow Valley; it is advertised as the best in the Orient.

As for the amusement zone, it is limited, if one thinks of Disneyland, to a sea lion pool in which a parrot, a penguin, and a pelican also cavort, and an underwater theater for aquatic ballets and underwater dramas. Finally, bringing back memories of the 1939 World's Fair in New York, there is a giant parachute jump where one can float to earth either in a basket or in a bucket seat.

ODD-JOB met us on the hill and we drove back into town, this time over clearer roads, and we were in short order at the door of the Tokyo Hilton. It was tea time and in the lounge the sun was just coming down, reflecting into the still waters of the carp pond that stretches outside the huge glass wall. Spring flowers in tiny rustic buckets perfumed every table and an Occidental lady was playing "Love for Sale" on a grand piano. Tea was served from an elaborate cart fitted with a stove and canisters of tea marked from exotic sources. The lovely delicate girl in a brocade kimono ladled out the steaming water and without asking us for a preference chose tea from a canister. "What kind of tea did you give us?" I asked her as my eye roved over the containers marked Thailand, Turkey, Burma, Ceylon, and Formosa. "Ah," she replied softly, effecting a slight bow, "That was *R*'ipton's." —HORACE SUTTON.



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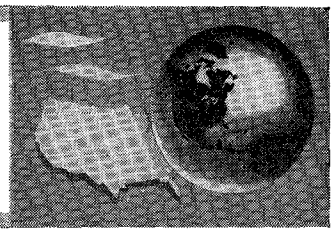


TORONTO:

Double Dilemma

VIETNAM AND THE Dominican Republic are half a world apart. Yet there are ominous signs that the Johnson Administration sees in them a close political identity.

The U.S. Government, suffering a new resurgence of an old obsession, appears to regard the conflicts wracking both countries as part of a deeply laid plot to extend the domination of Communism and threaten the security and welfare of the United States itself.

For Canada, the U.S. action may well present a crisis of conscience. The Pearson Government, which has already given strong backing to the Johnson Administration's Vietnam policies, appears to be intent on escaping any involvement in the argument over the new move in the Dominican Republic for fear of offending the U.S. Government—a consideration that may not be so widely supported by Canadian public opinion.

When Marines first rushed to the tiny island, it was for the alleged purpose of protecting the lives of U.S. citizens. But soon President Lyndon B. Johnson removed any shadow of doubt that the more than 14,000 U.S. troops poured into the republic were being sent there to oversee the restoration of a government that has the blessing of the United States. . . .

There appears to be no doubt that the conflict now going on in Vietnam is far more than a pure and simple civil war, as the U.S. Administration insists. And it is probably quite true that the Vietcong forces are being materially assisted by men, equipment, and leadership provided from North Vietnam.

At the same time, a number of reporters from other nations who have followed the situation there contend that the Vietcong and its political arm, the National Liberation Front, have attracted a substantial amount of popular support from non-Communist elements welded together by their common determination to put an end to the repressive rule of successive dictators maintained in office purely by their own military power and U.S. support, Mr. Rusk notwithstanding.

It would take the widest stretch of the imagination to justify a comparison between the tangled and confused situation in Vietnam today and that at the time of Munich in 1938, when Britain and France were forced to bow down before Hitler.

Nor has anyone yet adequately explained why the national security of the United States is so vitally affected by the way in which the Vietnamese or the Dominicans manage their own internal affairs.

One of the ironies of the present situation is the extent to which the United States has lost sight of its own revolutionary tradition and the fact that many of those who led the revolt were regarded as akin to the left-wingers or Communists of our day.

—Bruce McDonald in the Globe and Mail.

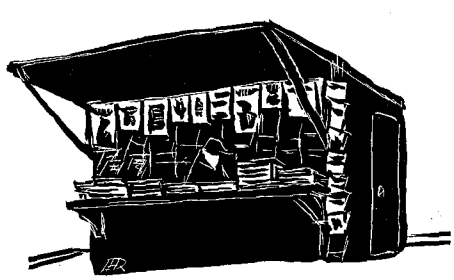
ST. JOHN'S:

Monroe Doctrine Principle

THE RUSSIAN demand that the United States be condemned for her intervention in the Dominican Republic's revolution was to be expected. Memories of what happened in Hungary have been conveniently forgotten. But Russia intervened brutally in Hungary to stifle freedom. America's policy action in Santo Domingo had first the purpose of protecting her own and other foreign nationals in that strife-torn country.

Evidence has since been found to indicate a Communist attempt to capitalize on the disorder that has resulted from a revolt designed to return former President Bosch to office. That is not surprising. Santo Domingo is very close to Cuba. It may well be imagined that Castro's subversive agents have been long at work in an effort to lay the groundwork for a takeover.

The principle of the Monroe Doctrine still stands. And its importance was established when the Russians put missile bases in Cuba, bringing about the most crucial confrontation since the cold war began. The prospect of a new Communist regime in the second biggest island in the Caribbean is hardly one that the United States could contemplate with equanimity. It requires little imagination to envision what Russia would do in a similar situation.



At the same time it would be best if the Organization of American States were to take more positive steps to contribute to the peace-keeping effort in Santo Domingo. The trouble is that some members are likely to hedge on their commitments because of their old bugbear about Yankee imperialism. But when the bloody history of Santo Domingo or the Dominican Republic—the name is a matter of choice—is considered, the American intervention may well be justified in the case of humanity. Its sole purpose, after all, is merely to preserve peace in the hemisphere.

—Daily News.

VANCOUVER:

One Cuba Is Enough

PEOPLE WHO REMEMBER Munich and the years immediately preceding it can understand President Johnson's distaste for surrendering ground anywhere to the forces of totalitarianism.

Even if they have their private qualms about the American President's hasty and forceful intervention in the affairs of the Dominican Republic, they appreciate his motives.

These people with memories know how dangerous and futile a game appeasement is. They know that surrender of allied solidarity to Hitler in the late 1930s enabled him successively to demolish their positions in the Rhineland, Austria, and Czechoslovakia.

In the end surrender had merely softened them for the ultimate blow.

Mr. Johnson's position could be stated quite simply thus: One Cuba in the Western Hemisphere is enough. It constitutes a danger to all the Americas.

Two Cubas could mean disaster.

—The Sun.

EDMONTON:

Are the Latins Second-Guessing?

. . . IT IS certainly not true that the U.S. has intervened in Latin America only to save "reactionary" regimes. Some who so argue are historical ignoramuses, people who overlook the role the U.S. has played in recent years in Peru, Ecuador, and Brazil. The American role, nonetheless, has pricked the sensitive pride of many Latins, and U.S. policy is liable to be in for rough sailing.

It is to be wondered, finally, why the Latins did not come forth with the peace force proposal themselves, earlier.

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Would they have protested less vigorously had the U.S. not intervened, and the outcome led to a second Communist front in the hemisphere? The peace force will give the Latins a chance to begin some constructive work, and to show they are capable of more than mere carping.

—*The Edmonton Journal.*

LONDON:

Case of the Missing Communists

ACCORDING TO President Johnson, "revolution in any country is a matter for that country to deal with. It becomes a matter for hemispheric action only when the object is the establishment of a Communist dictatorship." This is real 1984 double-think, because any right-wing military regime in Latin America, threatened by popular revolt, will automatically brand its opponents as Communists and call in the Marines. This is exactly what happened in the Dominican Republic. Although the country has swarmed with reporters looking for Communist plots, none of them has come up with remotely convincing evidence. The special commission appointed by the OAS to conduct an investigation never even mentions the word "Communism" in its thirty-page report. . . .

The days when America can throw her weight about with impunity in the Caribbean may well be coming to an end. Kennedy was able to call Khrushchev's bluff over Cuba in 1962 because the U.S. then had a very impressive superiority in long-range missiles. Russia had only seventy-five trained on U.S. targets—all of them liquid-fueled and therefore vulnerable to a strike from the 400 big American rockets aimed at Russia. It is conceivable that, in a nuclear exchange at that time, America would have emerged virtually unscathed. The situation now is radically different. As the V-E Day parade in Moscow made clear, the Russians have at last mastered the complex chemistry of long-range solid fuel rockets. These are cheaper and can literally be fired at a few seconds notice. They can also be concealed from reconnaissance satellites and protected in underground shelters. The new Russian weapon is clearly operational, though we don't know how many have been made so far. But it's fair to assume that, by the end of 1967, they will have replaced the old liquid-fuel ICBMs. At this point it will cease to be possible to knock Russia out in a surprise attack, and something like true nuclear parity will have been achieved. This, in turn, will certainly impose further restraints on America's freedom of action.

—*Paul Johnson in the New Statesman.*

LONDON:

For the Free World

PRESIDENT JOHNSON has taken military action to defend a cause which is ultimately that of the free world. . . . It is among Latin American countries that annoyance has been most loudly expressed; and failure to consult the Organization of American States can only be excused by the need for speed. Mr. Johnson is wise to drop the pretense that the protection of American lives is the only reason he sent in the Marines. He now says fairly and squarely that he had to prevent the Republic from following Cuba . . . the American presence will ensure that the Republic does not fall into Communist control; and although ex-President Bosch was no Communist, there were left-wing extremists among his supporters. The OAS will now be persuaded to share the peace-keeping in the Dominican Republic.

This should make it easier for the United States to draw into the background while the Dominicans have a chance to choose a legitimate government. Washington's unilateral interven-

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When Seeing Isn't Believing: The truth doesn't necessarily speak for itself, especially when a foreign visitor views America. His attitudes and interpretations are invariably clouded and distorted by preconceptions, misunderstandings, and the bafflement that results when a person from one culture is transplanted into another. This is the central lesson of a new book, *Visitors to the United States and How They See Us*, by Bryant M. Wedge (Van Nostrand, $4.95), a study supported by the Special Projects Division of the United States Information Agency, with the cooperation of the Department of State's Language Services Division. Among the book's observations:

► "If you offer to carry [a visitor's] luggage, you will probably intend to show politeness, but people from some countries will interpret this as a sign that you are a person of low status. If a hostess behaves with her customary cordiality, her foreign guest may see this as forwardness. When Nikita Khrushchev visited the United States in 1959, a photograph showed him grinning and shaking his clasped hands above his head. Several newspapers described his pose as 'similar to a victorious prizefighter's.' Few Americans knew that this was the traditional Soviet gesture of friendship."

► "A Cameroonian physician, arriving at an airport on a visit to the United States . . ., kept his eyes cast on the ground. When asked by his escort-interpreter if he had lost something, the doctor explained that he was afraid to gaze ahead for fear of being lynched if he looked at American women."

► "A Soviet engineer traveling in the United States blustered with indignation when his host paid the toll at a bridge. When told that the tolls, levied by a public authority, were used to repay the bonds that had financed the building of the bridge, he found it immoral that a 'capitalist' should be paid for the use of a public facility."

► "One of the greatest sources of distress to visiting Latin Americans is the North American tendency to lump all Latin American countries together and their failure to acknowledge the specific nationality of the visitor."

► "Visiting leaders have regularly been impressed by the level of equality and the progress achieved by the American Negro and by the way problems are approached. Negro militance, by its very existence, demonstrates a fundamental freedom; so that, while the image of social inequality harms the view of the United States as the millennial society, the evidence of grass-roots actions to bring about improvement has positive impact."

► "Exposure to American movies and television, without understanding their role as escape media, has led many Africans to expect gun duels, bar fights, and mob scenes as commonplace events. They have been very surprised at the quiet, peaceful aspect of the United States."

► "Japanese (and other Eastern peoples) are often thoroughly distressed by the casual friendliness of Americans, for casual friendship is hardly known in Japan. Americans establish friendly relations, including personal interchange, for temporary and pragmatic reasons and are able to let these relationships lapse when their purpose is served. The Japanese system of personal friendship requires that these be lifetime attachments with mutual obligations."

► "We Americans need the courage to see ourselves as others see us. And we need the wisdom to see others as they are, with all their differences from us in viewpoint and value. Finally, we need the skill to bridge the gaps in understanding between ourselves and others so that any issues between us are genuine and not the product of misunderstanding."

—J.F.F.

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tion has vexed other members of the OAS, but there can be few even of them who will not be privately thankful, *post facto*, that the danger of another Communist-dominated regime in their bosom has been averted.

—*The Daily Telegraph.*

MANCHESTER:

The Causes of Communism

WE DO NOT YET KNOW the information the White House had to justify its alarm; but on the available evidence, no one can be happy about President Johnson's decision to intervene in the Dominican Republic. President Johnson has said that the American nation will not permit the establishment of another Communist government in the area. If the spread of Communism was caused solely by external aid and aggression, this might be an acceptable statement. But Communism arises where poverty and oppression exist, and, let it be said, where so-called free nations have made major mistakes.

—*The Guardian.*

EDINBURGH:

Timely and Reassuring

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S broadcast to Europe last week did not say anything new, but what he had to say was both timely and reassuring. It was a reminder that American preoccupation with Vietnam and the Dominican Republic does not mean that Europe is forgotten.

—*The Scotsman.*

BUDAPEST:

Advice from the Military

IN A NATIONWIDE television appearance, President Johnson informed the American people that U.S. Marines had been sent to the Dominican Republic to safeguard the lives of Americans and other foreign nationals. . . . After a number of Latin American countries had indignantly criticized U.S. action, Johnson again appeared on television, but this time with a rather different explanation. He told the American people that the CIA had reported that Communists had seized command in the Dominican Republic and more troops have been sent there to prevent that country from becoming a second Cuba in the Western Hemisphere. . . .

One thing is clear: the military advisers to the U.S. President have gained the upper hand in determining U.S. foreign policy and seem to consider that in 1965 it is still possible for the Washington Administration to send the Marines in to quell any revolt that does not meet with its own satisfaction.

—*László Pintér Commentary.*

PARIS:

Extremism?

AMERICAN STRATEGY appears much clearer if one considers the escalation of the war not at its beginning but at various later points.

Events make it appear as though Washington had accepted Vice President Nixon's recently announced thesis that it would be better to take on China now—in five years it might be too late. There is no doubt that beyond Hanoi the aim is Peking . . .

Will President Johnson cede to this frightening logic? Public opinion may become more and more attentive to it. In addition it appears that Administration policy is finding increasing support not so much from the Democrats, who are considerably divided, as from the Republicans, particularly their right wing. It is difficult, however, to believe that the U.S. will let itself be carried to such extremes. —*LeMonde.*

DUESSELDORF:

Alarm Signal

THE CONFUSED SITUATION in Santo Domingo is only one of the alarm signals, if a very visible one, with which the battle for Latin America has begun. First and foremost, Johnson must prove himself here, if he seeks to win the battle in Vietnam and inside the United States for the "Great Society."

—*Handelsblatt.*

MUNICH:

What's in a Slogan?

AMONG OTHER THINGS, the fate of the Dominican Republic has been made the concern of the United Nations, where, naturally, the political adversaries of Washington can take a hand. There they have been confronted with the demand of United States diplomacy that they leave it to the conciliation of the regional authorities of the Organization of American States. Johnson's advisors hope to prevail more readily in this pan-American institution than in the United Nations. But through such applications of the Monroe Doctrine as "America for the Americans" will they not give impetus to counterslogans such as "Asia for the Asians" and "Africa for the Africans"? And for the moment we don't even want to bring up the possible consequences in our circles for the striving toward "Europeanization."

—*Sueddeutsche Zeitung.*

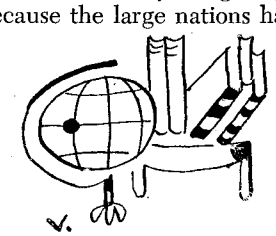
Editorial

Continued from page 16

not by the number of Communists we can kill in a given area but by the effects of any action on all the factors that go into the making the American security. The prospect of military reverses in Vietnam was serious, but not nearly so serious as the moral and political reverses we were to suffer throughout the world as the result of the action we took. Nothing has contributed more to the movement for unity inside the Communist world than what has happened in Vietnam.

Similarly, nothing has given more impetus to the cause of Communism throughout Latin American than the precipitate action of the United States in moving into the Dominican Republic. Painstakingly, an Organization of American States had been created for the express purpose of forestalling unilateral action and for blocking intervention. Yet when a situation arose in which we believed our own national interests were involved, we sent in the Marines, then consulted the OAS, almost as an afterthought. We said we wanted to combat Communist influence, but that influence was nominal alongside the influence Communism has gained in direct response to U.S. unilateralism at the expense of the OAS.

The last five American Presidents have said that the world's best hope for peace is the United Nations. But the United Nations today is fighting for its life because the large nations have persisted in going their own way. It is difficult to avoid the conviction that American security and the prospects of a peaceful world would be substantially advanced today if the United States put a fraction of the energy, determination, and resources into the United Nations that it has put into beefing up our military position throughout the world.



Again we say, as we did in this space several weeks ago, it is an error to suppose President Johnson lacks background or capability in the field of foreign policy. Both the situation and the momentum were there when he arrived. It becomes increasingly apparent, however, that some of those who were involved in the making of decisions that worked out poorly in the past are still prominently involved in decision-making today. If a constructive new start is to be made, perhaps this is the place to begin. —N.C.

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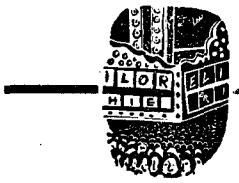

Showmanship

FOR THE PAST few weeks, visitors to the Los Angeles area have been pulling whatever strings they can wangle to obtain free tickets to what has already become Southern California's greatest tourist attraction since Disneyland. Warner Brothers, no doubt inspired by the success of Universal's studio tours (for which a charge of $2.50 a head is made), went a giant step farther by offering—for free—not only a tram tour of the entire studio, but a lavish exhibit of props, costumes, and behind-the-scenes stills from their forthcoming release *The Great Race* as well, and topping it all off with a specially prepared, seventeen-minute preview of the film itself. Ever since studio head Jack L. Warner cut the tape on opening day, May 6, the free show has been playing to capacity—about 2,000 people daily, more on weekends. Plans are already afoot to move the exhibit to New York, Toronto, and other major American cities, and there is even some talk of sending it abroad. Meanwhile, it continues in Hollywood through July 31.

This is not to suggest that Warner Brothers have suddenly transformed themselves into a benevolent society. Far from it. What is involved is that good, old-fashioned, rare, elusive, but still effective element of show business called "showmanship." Carnival barkers knew about it. They gave a "flash" presentation of the big show on the inside, then collected the quarters and half dollars of all those whose curiosity had been piqued. The current show at Burbank is considerably more than a "flash"—and Warners confidently expect to collect a good deal more than quarters and half dollars, once *The Great Race* goes into exhibition. But in the meantime, they are whetting the public's appetite with a marvelously circusy sideshow that includes a huge, multicolored captive balloon (weather permitting), trick turn-of-the-century motor cars, a rocket-propelled locomotive, and a fantastic, Jules Vern-ish one-man submarine—all in prime working condition. And round the tent raised to house these mock inventions of an earlier age, the studio has set up bright stalls offering cotton candy, popcorn, and soft drinks (the proceeds going to such stalwart show biz charities as the Variety Clubs and Motion Picture Relief).

All of this, combined with the studio tour, has been creating a "want to see" for the July 1 premiere of *The Great Race* that is simply tremendous. Executives report that they are more than satisfied with the results, and that the cost of the show—approximately $100,000—is negligible compared to what it would take to garner similar attention with straight advertising. What every-

one in the industry seems both amazed and delighted to discover is that pure showmanship still works.

Until Warners re-entered the lists, the unchallenged king of the showmen was free-spending Joseph Levine, master of the technique of spending a buck to get back ten. Levine's reputation is largely based on his ability to pick up a picture at relatively low cost, then to advertise and exploit it into a box-office smash. At the moment, he is in the midst of an all-out campaign for his own, "authentic" *Harlow*, starring Carroll Baker. Authenticity to one side, Mr. Levine—and, indeed, the entire motion picture industry—has plenty to be worried about. For one thing, one of the few "gentleman's agreements" that exist in the industry has been violated. Soon after Mr. Levine announced his intention to film the Harlow story, Bill Sargent breached this time-honored code by putting into production his own *Harlow*, starring Carol Lynley. And because he filmed it in his Electronovision process, an adaptation of television's multi-camera techniques, he was able to beat his rival into the theaters by about two months.

More basic than any question of priorities, however, is the question of quality—picture quality. In Sargent's previous entry into the field, with Richard Burton's *Hamlet*, one was willing to excuse a bit the distortions, the graininess, the greyness of the image; the picture had been shot from the stage of the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre during the course of actual performances of the play. No such excuses obtain here. Although shot on Hollywood sound stages, the picture looks terrible and sounds worse. The sets are jerrybuilt, the lighting flat, the camera's movements rudimentary and awkward—all adjectives that might be applied as aptly to Karl Tunberg's anachronistic script, which often seems more intent on avoiding Irving Shulman than on discovering Jean Harlow. Charity dictates that a veil be drawn over the performances; all too obviously, in the heat of production, no one had time to discover, much less build, a characterization. The Levine-Baker *Harlow*, whatever its faults may be, can only be an improvement. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

GETTING LITERAL

In a quiz designed to bring out the linguist in you, Barbara J. Wolfe of Stockton, New Jersey, gives the literal meanings of a score of geographical names, and asks you to match them up with the locations in Column Two. Find your places on page 51.

1. French for "green mountain."	( ) Amarillo
2. Latin for "new Scotland."	( ) Baton Rouge
3. Spanish for "yellow."	( ) Bethesda
4. Chinese for "fragrant harbor."	( ) Bethlehem
5. Spanish for "tortoises."	( ) Cairo
6. Sanskrit for "abode of snow."	( ) Casablanca
7. Hebrew for "house of bread."	( ) Delft
8. Arabic for "the victorious."	( ) Dublin
9. Gaelic for "black pool."	( ) Galápagos
10. Chinese for "northern capital."	( ) Himalayas
11. Spanish for "white house."	( ) Hong Kong
12. Sanskrit for "lion city."	( ) Nevada
13. Spanish for "snowfall."	( ) Nova Scotia
14. Arabic for "wilderness."	( ) Peking
15. Hebrew for "hill of spring."	( ) Punjab
16. Sanskrit for "five rivers."	( ) Reykjavik
17. French for "red stick."	( ) Saharah
18. Aramaic for "house of mercy."	( ) Singapore
19. Icelandic for "smoking bay."	( ) Tel Aviv
20. Dutch for "ditch."	( ) Vermont

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Newley World A-Coming

WHEN Anthony Newley and Leslie Bricusse concocted *Stop the World—I Want to Get Off*, they established a new kind of musical. Its essentials included a unit setting that could represent the totality of the universe (a sort of *J.B.* circus tent interior), a success story (the rise of lower-class Littlechap to wealth and position), and the use of mime and music hall performance style. Now their *The Roar of the Greasepaint—The Smell of the Crowd* uses the same approach to demonstrate a larger and more abstract thesis. Sean Kenny's setting is a series of platforms and ramps surrounding a large game board. In the background are a couple of jagged ladders and a moon reminiscent of the world of *Waiting for Godot*. And also paralleling the Beckett play are the chorus of tramp-like urchins, and an upper-class Sir (Pozzo) leading an exploited Cocky (Lucky). But instead of Beckett's seeming despair, the new musical expresses optimism that the traditional exploitation of the masses is coming to an end because the masses are discovering that capitalist rules are not sacred.

The plot is simple as we see Cocky, portrayed by Mr. Newley, repeatedly lose "the game" to the haughty Sir, portrayed by Cyril Ritchard. In this first phase, Cocky's only weapon is superstitious religion—a fact caught nicely in the Brechtian interchange: "It's not every man who has your faith, Cocky." "It's not every man who needs it." The end of this phase comes when the disillusioned Cocky sings to a God who hasn't showed up, "Who can I turn to, if you turn away from me?"

After Cocky revolts and thinks he has killed the upper class, but in truth has only destroyed a straw dummy, there is the suggestion that the relationship has changed from one of traditional faith to one of blackmail. Finally, however, an emancipated Negro shows up and proceeds to show Cocky how Sir has been tricking him. He tells Cocky, "If *you* do something it's a bad habit, if *he* does it it's a rule." Thus Cocky begins his own emancipation and at the end of the show is moving optimistically into a new era in which he will very much control his bosses.

The subject matter is ambitiously profound, and Mr. Newley deserves the same sort of credit one must give to Archibald MacLeish for his attempt with *J.B.* But just as the latter fought a diminishing return with repeated arbitrary demonstrations, so this new musical suffers from its redundant, contrived bouts in which Cocky must lose to Sir. This puts an enormous burden on Mr. Newley's inventiveness and a strain on the crude music hall humor which here must sustain the proceedings to a much greater extent than it did in *Stop the World*—where the boy-girl relationship gave a more relaxed and unforced reason for ribaldry.

Valiantly Mr. Newley throws in everything including the chamberpot, and he and Mr. Ritchard exhaust themselves to put over material that varies widely in quality. Most effective is the straw-hatted vaudeville routine they dance together. And Mr. Newley has a unique singing style that combines the unabashed showmanship of Al Jolson and the febrile quality of vintage Fred Astaire records. One cannot help being moved by the emotional power he puts into his songs of despair.

As for the songs themselves, they are melodious and catchy, but so unspecific to the story that one suspects they would be interchangeable at random. True one doesn't expect the sober complexity of an opera, but the scope of the subject matter demands more penetrating songs. When on one occasion a second chorus of "Things to Remember" makes an exception by including a sarcastic reference to the wonderful days when children used to work in coal mines, one asks oneself why there could not have been more of this throughout.

Also compounding the problem of the work's monotony is the plan of using the ragged urchins in the same costumes to supply all the production numbers.

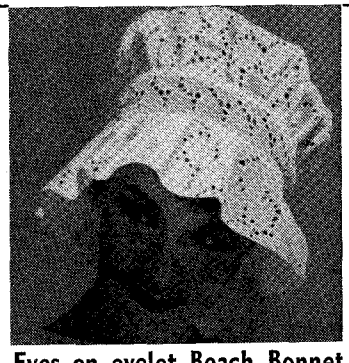
Cyril Ritchard and Anthony Newley—"exploitation to music."

Although the kids are energetic, disciplined, and articulate, one soon longs for something more. Unfortunately all that one gets is a quick flash of feminine loveliness provided by the beautiful Joyce Jillson, and a powerfully sung emancipation song by Gilbert Price. I deliberately do not mention an embarrassing interlude in which Cocky must become enamored of a seven-foot giant in drag.

However, one's particular disappointment with *The Roar of the Greasepaint* is tempered with one's general respect for the ambitious nature of Mr. Newley's venture. For what is being attempted here is the creation of an entirely popular genre of didactic theater for unsophisticated audiences. If this musical is something less than successful in this regard, it is nevertheless a valuable and pragmatic exploration of the potentialities of a new technique.

—HENRY HEWES.

The cover: On May 28th Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson opened the Stuart Davis Memorial Exhibition at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington D. C. *Place Pasdeloup*, on the cover was painted by Stuart Davis in 1928. The artist, in an interview that appears in *The Artist's Voice* by Katharine Kuh (Harper & Row, 1962), says: "As to the Paris paintings—I didn't go over there to paint scenes of Paris but that's exactly what I did when I got there. Personally I find these paintings do not differ in purpose from any of the other works I've done."



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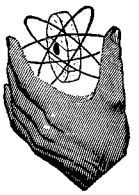
—Doug Anderson.

SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY



DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Research Frontier • Letters to the Science Editor • Personality Portrait **CI**

ARTICLE: Is Science Big Enough to Cope with Society?

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

WHO SHOULD GOVERN MEDICINE?

FOR the first time in a half-century, prominent and powerful members of the medical fraternity are openly joined in a struggle to restore the traditional concept of the physician—the concept that the physician, like the lawyer, is an agent of society, licensed by society to serve society before serving himself.

The American Medical Association for the last generation has followed a different precept, derived from the dubious notion that the individual doctor possesses an identity separate from and superior to that of the social agent designated by his license to practice.

Through sheer size and inertia, the AMA very probably could throw back any direct frontal attack that might be made upon it. So the forces dedicated to social responsibility have instead adopted a strategy of envelopment. Without challenging the AMA as a power in the narrow area of its chosen competence—defense of the economic and political status of the average doctor—the rebels plan to surround it with other institutions designed to encourage the doctor's participation in intellectual and cultural life.

If the AMA reacts with a counter-enveloping maneuver, even more will be accomplished than is now anticipated by the rebels. For such an operation could succeed only through a sweeping shift in AMA philosophy. Nevertheless, the shift could be quite comfortably accommodated within AMA's original charter, which authorized acceptance of delegates from all large hospitals and all recognized medical schools.

The key to the revolutionists' opening strategy is the medical college, which, in its present form, is also something of an anachronism. The medical college is insulated from the university to which it belongs. The insular quality is reflected in the organizational structure of the American Association of Medical Colleges, which is in reality a private club for medical college deans. Precisely because of its exclusive character, however, this dean's club has remarkable possibilities as a lever for radical change.

Simply by voting to raise the number of medical students enrolled in their schools, the deans who run the club can break the chain of circumstance that has left the American people short of doctors for many years past.

Simply by voting to assume responsibility in their schools for training of hospital interns and resident physicians, the deans can raise the level of medical competence everywhere and ultimately provide a national standard for minimum care to replace the local standard physicians are now guided by.

Simply by voting to accept an obligation to keep doctors up-to-date on significant research after entering private practice, the deans can assure that no patient, because of place of residence, will be deprived of access to the best medical knowledge.

Simply by voting to share their governing power in the AAMC with the presidents of their universities and representatives of their faculties, the deans can bring more scientific and humanistic disciplines of thought to bear on the study of medicine, inviting a new social perspective that would go beyond treatment of disease to prevention of disease and finally to sane environmental control of water and air pollution.

IT is not impossible that before these words reach print the deans already will have acted along the revolutionary lines just described. An intent to act had been declared in principle before the manifesto of the revolutionists was sent to newspapers throughout the country on May 22. But reforms of such scope are a long time in the making, and cannot hope for fruition without the understanding and support of the people, whose taxes pay three-fourths of the cost of every medical diploma. So a constructive purpose may be served in identifying here the major forces that are now in play.

IT is customary to begin discussion of this subject by referring to a famous report written by Dr. Abraham Flexner for the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching in 1910. Most people who talk about this report have never read it. At the time it was published the AAMC was several decades old. The practice of medicine, long a professional calling in Europe, was then still a trade in America. Men became doctors here through a course of apprenticeship. Those who were good were often very, very good; those who were bad were charlatans. In medical schools generally, pursuit of money took precedence over application of knowledge to the alleviation of human suffering. Dr. Flexner proposed to clean house by placing responsibility for medical education in the universities and concentrating on the quality rather than on the numbers of new physicians turned out. Under the impact of his findings, half of the medical schools were shaken out of existence. That result was therapeutic; but along with it went a philosophy of sharply restricting the future flow into the nation's reservoir of medical practitioners.

This philosophy—so often attributed to the AMA now—dominated medicine long after the conditions giving birth to it disappeared. It continues to dominate even in these times of inadequate medical facilities. In assessing blame for the present unhappy situation we do well to remember the good purpose in which it originated.

Although the Flexner report is always spoken of as though it accomplished all its ends, the truth is that Dr. Flexner's most profound proposal was never executed. The universities to which the

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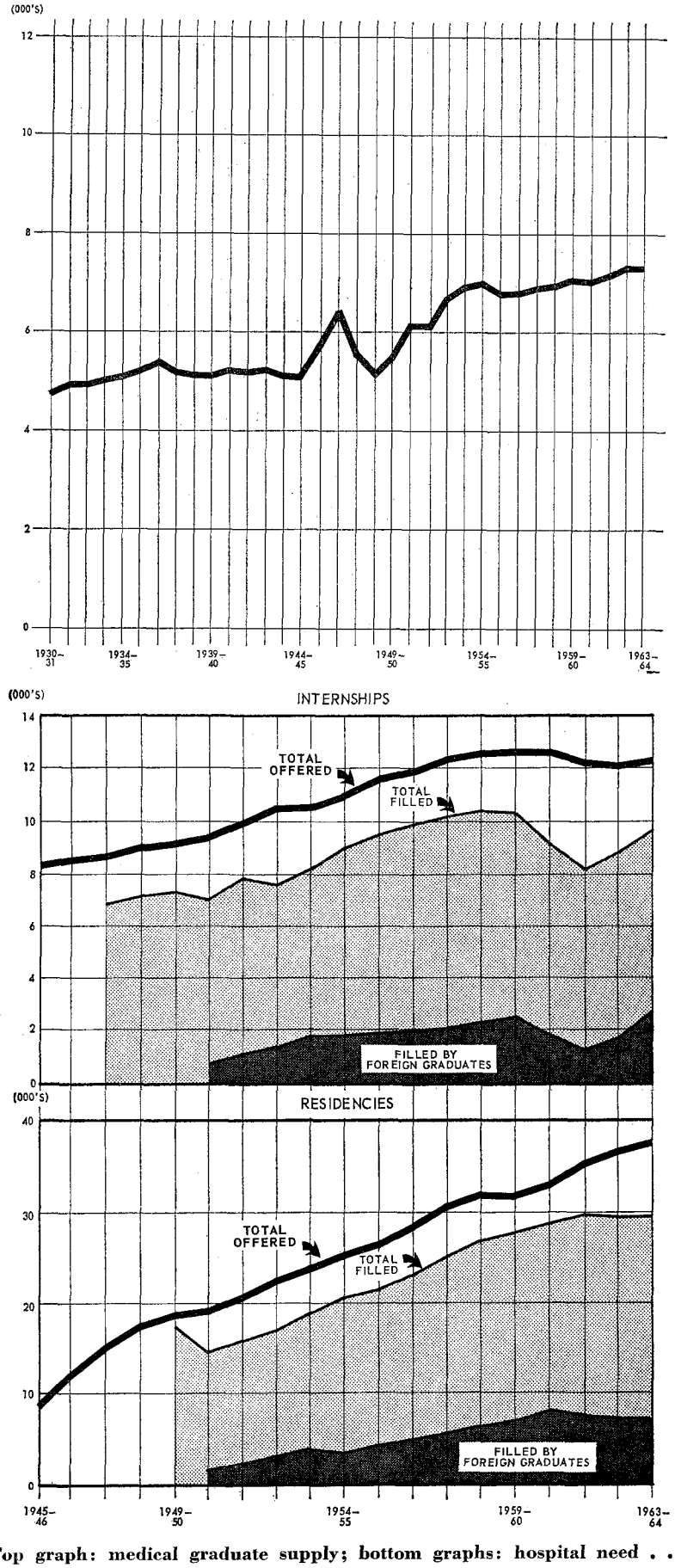
The Doctor Shortage



Top graph: medical graduate supply; bottom graphs: hospital need . . .

medical colleges are attached have not yet accepted responsibility for medical teaching. Worse than that, the medical colleges themselves have never established clear goals.

Ad hoc projects of one sort and another have been undertaken by AAMC. Many of these have served to consolidate a splintered situation. But they are not related to each other in any conscious pattern nor are they deliberately pointed in any common direction. That the fragments can be seen to fit the design of a mosaic is very largely due to one man, Dr. Ward Darley, who first became active in AAMC in 1948, when he was dean of medicine at the University of Colorado. In 1952, Dr. Darley was elected AAMC's president; in 1956, he was chosen its executive director.

As his experience lengthened and deepened, Dr. Darley saw ever more clearly that the AAMC simply was not organized to govern medical education. Several years ago he drafted a memorandum urging that AAMC's membership be broadened to take in all the elements in the training of a doctor. He argued the necessity for a single positive voice for medicine. His own role in the transformation could not be great, he knew, because the pain of arthritis, which had harassed him for years, was growing too sharp; he would have to retire soon.

At its annual meeting near the close of 1963, AAMC voted to begin the study Dr. Darley had proposed. As chief inquirer it named a man of exceptional qualifications—Dr. Lowell T. Coggeshall, a trustee of the University of Chicago, the university's vice-president for special assignments, Frederick H. Rawson professor of medicine on the staff of the University of Chicago Medical Center, a member of the National Academy of Sciences and of the American Philosophical Society. On an advisory panel were these seven prominent colleagues:

Dr. William M. Hubbard, dean of the University of Michigan Medical School at Ann Arbor;

Dr. Michael DeBakey, professor of surgery at Baylor University College of Medicine at Houston, Texas;

Dr. John E. Deitrick, dean of the Cornell University Medical Center at New York City;

Dr. Clark Kerr, president of the University of California at Berkeley;

Dr. George A. Perera, professor of medicine and associate dean of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University at New York City;

Dr. Robert C. Berson, dean of the South Texas Medical School of the University of Texas at San Antonio;

and Dr. Darley.

For a year the panelists explored, without finding much that had not been set forth earlier in a prophetic volume

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titled, "Medical Education and Practice—Relationships and Responsibilities in a Changing Society." This was the official record of AAMC's Tenth Teaching Institute at Colorado Springs in 1962. In it were clearly delineated all the lineaments of the American medical dilemma.

The practice of medicine in this country depends on licensure of physicians. Licenses are granted by official boards of the fifty states. Members of the boards are appointed by the Governors of the states. The licensing criteria the boards adopt obviously influence the curricula of the medical schools. Yet medical school or university professors rarely hold board appointments. The academic influence is felt only indirectly: through license examinations drafted by the National Board of Medical Examiners (a self-perpetuating private corporation) and through AAMC accreditation (jointly with AMA) of medical schools whose diplomas are required of all candidates for licensure.

Incompetence for licensure should be discovered during the one-year hospital internship (a form of apprenticeship) that immediately follows completion of study for the M.D. degree, or during the two-to-five-year hospital residency that follows internship. But neither interns nor residents are at present the responsibility of the university or of the medical school. The qualifications of interns and residents are judged by the doctors who staff the hospitals. At university hospitals, of course, the staffs and the medical school faculties are made up of essentially the same people. But only 227 of the 7,138 hospitals registered by the American Hospital Association have major relationship to a medical school.

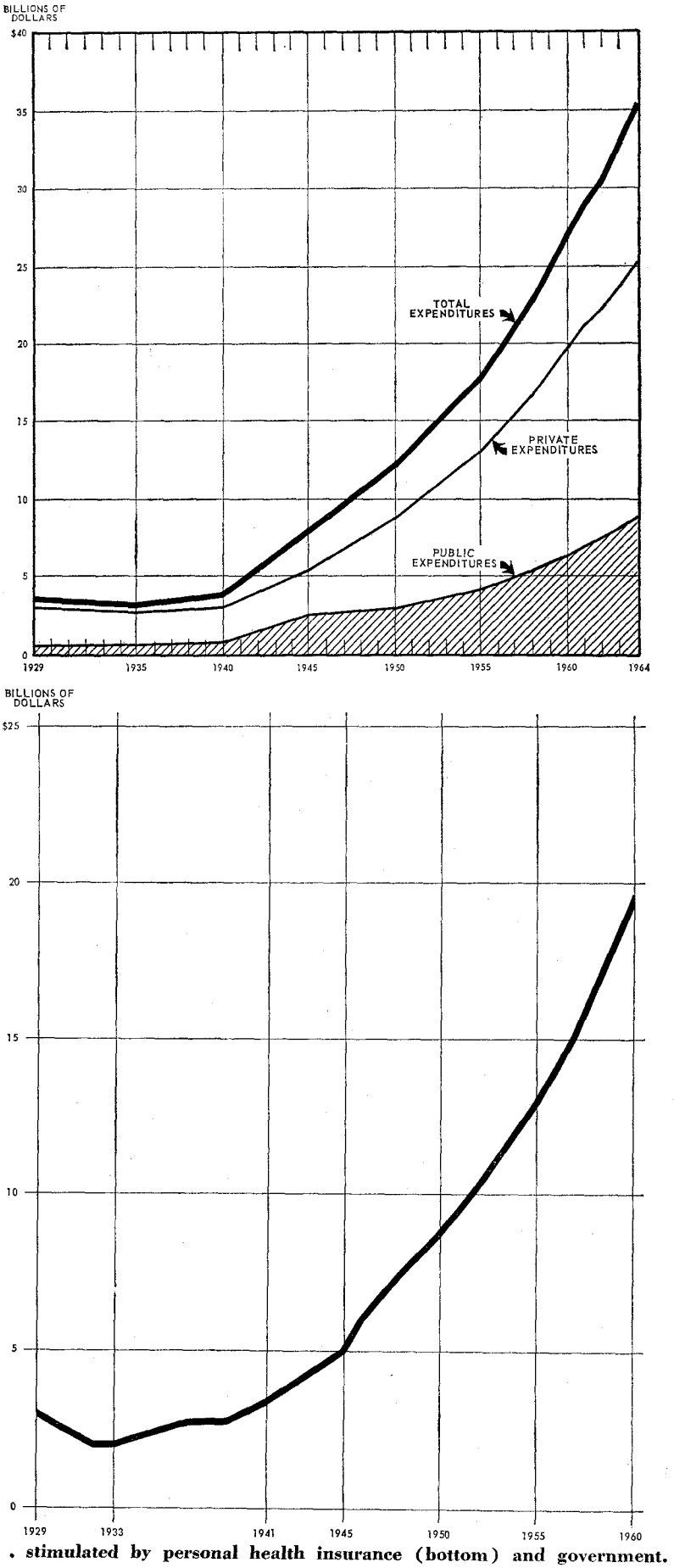
Fortunately, a kind of half-blind chance operates at this point to guard the unwitting patient from excessive abuse. Each candidate for internship draws up a list of the hospitals where he would prefer to work, in the order of his preference. At the same time, each hospital draws up a list of the intern candidates it would prefer to receive, in the order of the hospital's preference. The two lists are then matched against each other in a computer, and the choices of men for available places are thus determined.

A similar matching occurs at the outset of the resident physician phase of the doctor's career.

The matching process has made one thing clear: A large majority of medical students prefer to work in university hospitals. Why?

The chief reason seems to be that hospitals attached to medical schools are closely oriented to research. And research these days is a magic word. To those with genuine talent, it promises intellectual excitement and personal op-

Medical Costs—Who Pays?



. . . stimulated by personal health insurance (bottom) and government.

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portunity to advance the frontiers of learning. To pedestrian minds, research orientation connotes easy money. Beginning pay for residents runs to $10,000 and more a year.

Specialization is the rule in the university hospital. It leads to team practice. Judging from the enthusiasm with which patients whose bills are paid by health insurance flock to hospital clinics and emergency rooms for treatment their parents would have sought in the family doctor's office, people generally like the impression of confident skill the team conveys.

As long as he has a hospital affiliation of his own, the private physician isn't distressed by the competition of the university hospital. There, however, is an irritating rub. For hospital affiliations in the past were almost always part-time responsibilities. Since 1950, there has been an accelerating change toward full-time staffing of all hospitals.

HOW is the private practitioner to keep himself professionally alert if the hospital is closed to him?

This is an intricate conundrum, the answer to which will have to be worked out along with the answer to an interlocking puzzle: How is the full-time medical school faculty member to retain his clinical skill without patients of his own, and what ceiling should be imposed on his fees if he is allowed to treat private patients? And should health insurance pay interns and residents?

Only the medical profession itself can decide what is fair all around. But laymen can at least be aware enough of the realities to appraise the private physician's fear of injury apart from the injury he actually suffers. Up to now the hurt has been almost wholly emotional because the demand for medical service has far exceeded the supply.

It is in this area of supply and demand that the layman can most effectively intervene. He has argued consistently in favor of greater numbers of doctors. What consideration has he given to the cost of obtaining those numbers? How is the bill to be paid? There are four sources of money: (1) the federal government, (2) the state governments, (3) private endowment, and (4) fees collected from patients. What would be a fair proportion among them?

If the university, as an institution, is to be responsible for maintaining proportion (which is what the Coggeshall panel decided would be the most workable solution commensurate with intellectual excellence), how is the assignment to be carried out within President Lyndon B. Johnson's concept of "The Great Society"? One of the members of the Coggeshall panel, Dr. Michael De Bakey, an accomplished Texas surgeon, chaired a special commission that drafted for the President "a national program to conquer heart disease, cancer, and stroke." The program called for billions of dollars of government spending on specialized institutes to be scattered through the country, preferably on university campuses. Dr. De Bakey says he sees no conflict between this proposal and the more revolutionary design advanced by the Coggeshall panel. Others fear that injection of specialized institutes into the university structure will further aggravate the amorphous tendencies produced by proliferation of research projects individually valuable to specialists on the faculty but not integrated into the university's own image of itself.

There is such a thing as expecting too much of research, and, as Dr. Stewart G. Wolf, Jr., professor of medicine at the University of Oklahoma Medical Center, has written, "It is therefore pertinent to ask what may reasonably be required . . . over the coming years. The naïve and thoughtless may ask for freedom from illness and indefinitely postponed death, conditions we can confidently omit from any realistic anticipation. Death, after all, is a part of life, a necessary condition to biological or even social evolution. A greater number of people may live long, as the scourges of youth and middle age are mitigated, but there is little likelihood that more than the occasional hearty human will come near to spanning a century."

Among the findings of the Coggeshall panel, none is more final in its implications than this one: "It is not likely that America will ever be able to produce all the physicians that the nation would like to have."

Team medicine will have to suffice, whether or not it is acceptable to everyone. With helpers variously skilled, a single physician can extend his reach and multiply his hands. The problems of training helpers will be many and complex but not insurmountable. Hardest to teach will be dedication and mercy.

THERE is now in limited circulation a confidential memorandum written to his staff by the president of the board of trustees of a great American university after his return from a three-week stay in a hospital. Here are two particularly pertinent paragraphs from it:

"On my first night, after my doctor had said, 'We just want you to rest,' I received a total of twenty separate and distinct visitations—at 7:30, 8:30, 9:00, 9:25, 9:55, 10:20, 11:25, 12:30, 1:05, 2:00, 2:35, 3:30, 5:00, 6:00, 6:15, 7:00, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, and 8:15. (I can fix the times because, after the third of these courtesy calls, I began a diary.)

"Miraculously, since there were so many people who kept looking in on me, I was entirely overlooked at lunch one day and at dinner on another. I was also unable to raise my doctor from one Monday at 7 p.m. until Wednesday at 9 p.m.; as a matter of fact, I didn't raise him then; it was his assistant who showed up exactly fifty hours after I sent out my first S.O.S. He said he was sorry. After that, I had another doctor, and he brought in two more (all very good ones). But even they couldn't bluff their way through the free and easy spirit of old Haphazard. In an important test that called for the siphoning of some of my blood at five one-hour intervals, the technicians forgot the last two and only came to extract a final sample after I telephoned them."

Below are a few corroborating observations *SR*'s science editor made of team medicine involving one patient in a university hospital during one week:

ON the night of the patient's arrival in the hospital, the dosage of pain medication prescribed by a family doctor who had treated the patient for a year was reduced without the patient's knowledge. As soon as the diminution in dosage was discovered by the professor in charge of the case, the family doctor's original prescription was reinstated. By that time, unfortunately, a whole night had passed. The patient was thoroughly frightened by the experience and worried over the prospect of repetition in the subsequent weeks of treatment that was planned.

Later, a pain-killing shot (prescribed every three hours) was delayed for three hours because someone failed to check her memory against the records.

Another pain-killing shot was delayed for a shorter period because someone else who had the keys to the drug cabinet took them with her when she went downstairs for a coffee break.

The side effects of chemotherapy had been understated to the patient in advance, with distressing consequences when they appeared in full force. The patient understandably misinterpreted favorable reaction unfavorably.

Some of the finest medical and surgical specialists in the world were summoned to the patient's bedside to help in diagnosis and treatment. But none of their findings was promptly communicated in plain, simple lay language.

Everything might have been clarified afterward in the patient's mind—if the patient had not grown too tired of it to wake on a glorious Sunday morning.

It was an AMA official, Dr. Lindsay E. Beaton, who said that the title of physician "most of all . . . carries accountability, not only for the future of a great profession but for the very lives of our fellow sufferers from the human condition. . . . If we fail, we fail mankind."

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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IS SCIENCE BIG ENOUGH TO COPE WITH SOCIETY?

Yes—If It Can Learn to Reverse Its Focus

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Can science, as a way of thought, contribute to the solution of such pervasive and persistent social problems as the one discussed in the preceding pages? It can if scientists are willing to pause in their thinking as scientists and think instead for a time as men. For science is accustomed to break problems into bits and to study each bit as though the other bits were fixed in place all the while. Men do not attempt to deal with real situations in any such fragmented fashion. Each bit of a problem interacts continuously with every other bit. Events operate as systems. It is possible to study systems with the help of computers, as the report below explains.*

By RICHARD BELLMAN

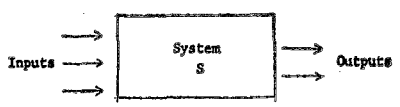
ACCORDING to many reports, an expert dowser is a handy person to have about if one is interested in locating such items as wells, buried treasure, and the like. All that is required is a stroll about the area by the expert, dowsing stick in hand. At an appropriate spot, the stick twitches convulsively. Digging commences there. Since the successes are well-documented and advertised, while the failures are ignored, it is not altogether easy to evaluate the relative efficiency of this procedure as compared, let us say, to that used by the geologist, or to one based on the use of a Ouija board. But the persistent belief in astrology, telepathy, extrasensory perception, and similar supernatural phenomena attest to the human desire to believe in magic, and, above all, to believe in magical powers of perception. There is certainly justification for such belief, considering the telephone, the camera, the X-ray machine, hypnosis, the electron microscope, and so on. It is not as easy as one might suppose to distinguish between a respectable and unrespectable belief in magic.

The most recent, and most powerful, Sorcerer's Apprentice is the digital computer. It is respectable when manned by a reputable scientist or mathematician. Unfortunately, it can also act as a very effective loudspeaker for the carnival barker and charlatan. Although it is not exactly the kind of instrument that one expects a dowser to carry about, it nevertheless is closer to a divining rod than any object hitherto created by man.

The computer permits us to carry out numerous feats of prediction, which is to say precognition, in such domains as astronomy, astrophysics, economics, and medicine, and to examine in detail many objects hidden not only from human eyes but all other instruments of observation as well.

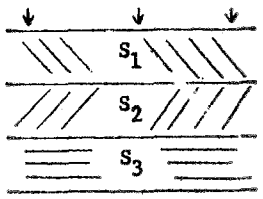
What allows this power?

To answer the question, it is necessary to examine the general nature of scientific research. To the scientist, the system under study—be it economic, biological, medical, astronomical, or atomic in origin—initially assumes the form of a "black box." By "black," we mean that nothing is known about the inner structure of the system, or "box." All that we know is what we observe going in and coming out of the "box," as diagrammed below:

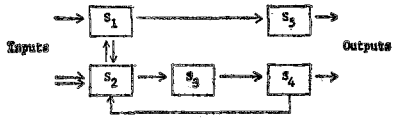


To learn about the mechanisms within S, experiments are carried out. The inputs are changed to see how the outputs change. Outputs not previously noted are next measured, and these measurements are compared to the measurements of the inputs. As more measurements become available, plausible hypotheses can be made concerning the internal structure of S.

Consider, as an example, the process of prospecting for oil. Initially, the earth from which the oil comes was the system S. Sometimes surface indications were extremely useful in deciding where to drill, but sometimes they were misleading. Eventually, as geology developed, oil men began to understand something about the different strata underground, and the system S was no longer a simple "black box" but this distinctly layered structure:



Certain strata had become known to be associated with pools of oil. To determine whether or not these strata were present, explosive charges were set off on the surface at various points. Reverberations returning to the surface at other points were measured, and the nature of these and the time they required to appear gave a reliable profile of the type of material the sound waves had passed through. Now the original "black box" S could be further decomposed from a three-layered box into a set of subsystems, with interconnections and feedbacks, so:



Suppose we want to study the properties of only one element in this complex—the little "black box" S_3. All inputs and outputs of S_3 are indirect. How then do we "observe" S_3?

We begin by noting that S_3 does not exist in isolation. It is linked by way of inputs and outputs to the other subsystems. These linkages may be expressed by means of mathematical equations, frequently quite complicated and often quite numerous. As a matter of fact, these equations are of such perplexity and prolixity that up until only a few years ago people did not even bother writing all of them down. The equations were too difficult to solve explicitly in the way one solves a quadratic equation, and they were too difficult for numerical manipulation, using a slide rule or even a desk computer. But a digital computer can solve simultaneously, in numerical terms, the tens, hundreds, and even thousands of equations that describe the

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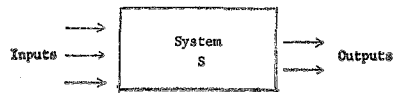
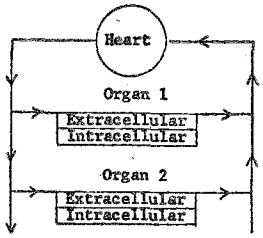
interactions of the components of a complicated system.

If, instead of prospecting for oil, we are trying to determine the correct dosage of a new drug to help fight human disease, we go through the same steps of analysis, starting with the same "black box" called S for "system," thusly:



Initially, the human being is the system S. Then, drawing on knowledge of anatomy and physiology, we replace the simple "black box" S with the slightly more sophisticated diagram below:



Here the arrows indicate flow of blood. Detailed analysis of the blood flow corresponds to the surface measurements in oil prospecting. Organ 1 may be the liver, Organ 2 the kidneys, etc. With a flow chart of this type to guide us, we may be able to focus sharply on Organ 1 or Organ 2 and learn enough by indirection to obtain an adequate localized concentration of the drug in one organ without creating harmful side effects in other organs.

Let us say that Organ 1 is the lungs, and that we wish to learn the effects on the system that occur because of what we put into the lungs. The natural input for the lungs is air. Air is made up of gases—oxygen, carbon dioxide, nitrogen, and others. The gases are easily identifiable by a mass spectrometer, which registers the characteristic colors chemical elements emit in burning. Five or six different gases can be mixed in a single stream, and the mass spectrometer can tell proportionately how much of each gas is in the stream.

The gases in the air stream entering the lungs are absorbed by blood flowing through the lungs. The blood moves from the lungs into the heart, and then back to the lungs, where the gases are taken out of the blood and exhaled in the breath.

By making a mathematical model of the heart-lung system, and fitting into that model a mathematical analysis of the gas concentrations in the breath, it should be possible for a physician to estimate the concentration of blood in the heart at any chosen time. Given this painless source of information, the physician would no longer need to subject heart-disease patients to the procedure of pushing a catheter through a vein of the arm into the heart chambers for direct measurement of blood concentration in the heart.

I have used the conditional tense in discussing the computer's promise as a tool in analysis of biological systems. Actually, more positive statements seem justified. At the present time, a large mathematical model of the heart and lungs is being prepared with many objectives in mind. Among other things, it could automate to a considerable extent the administration of anesthetics.

Of course systems analysis is not accomplished by the few simple steps described above. The foregoing procedure must be repeated over and over, based upon continuing experimentation and theoretical efforts, to ascertain the detailed structure of the subsystems, to determine the nature of the linkages, and so on. But the method fits problems found not only in geology and biomedicine but in nuclear physics, economics, genetics, and hundreds of other scientific disciplines.

It would be wrong, however, to propose systems analysis as a panacea. Often it is not needed. Much of the time scientific research follows a simple, direct credo: "Perform additional observations and experiments. If curious about the nature of a system, don't waste too much time on speculation—go out and look at it." Let us note in passing that, obvious though the advice is, this "common sense" point of view took roughly 90 per cent of the time accorded to what we call "modern society" (*i.e.*, from 8,000 B.C. to the present) to gain acceptance. Unfortunately, in many interesting and quite important situations, we cannot follow such direct procedure because we possess no means for observing the subsystem of interest in action.

We possess no measuring devices which can look deep into the interior of the sun or any other star. We cannot observe what is going on in the human heart or the brain. We cannot see the interior of an electron. We cannot penetrate a depth of ten miles into the earth. In all of these cases, first-hand information is unavailable. We must be content with the results of "probes" of various types, data furnished by cameras, telescopes, radioisotopes, seismographs, cardiographs, electroencephalographs, Dow-Jones averages, earth satellites and interplanetary rockets, and so on.

The situation is further complicated to an almost unbearable extent by the fact that many other systems are emitting signals at the same time. As a result, the desired output is entangled with extraneous outputs, and it is very easy for the information we want to be swamped by information we neither care about nor know about.

Consequently, we are usually on one or the other horn of a dilemma. Either we are in the situation where we must fill in the gaps using incomplete information, or we are inundated by data and face the problem of filtering out the right answer from a welter of numbers.

Enter, at this point, the mathematician and his digital computer. No matter that it is an economic system or an endocrine system, a complex of winds and temperatures or of electrons and protons. Using the information we possess about available parts of the system, we can deduce the structure and functioning of the inaccessible parts.

It seems not at all unreasonable to hope that systems analysis in time will enable us to construct "early-warning" systems to guard us against heart diseases, cancer, brain damage, economic inflation or depression, hurricanes, floods, or earthquakes. It would be the greatest of all magic to provide for mankind a surcease to pain and an abundance of the necessities of life.

—*Rand.*

DR. RICHARD BELLMAN *was born in New York City forty-four years ago. He took his B.A. degree at Brooklyn College, his M.A. at Wisconsin University, and his Ph.D. at Princeton. He taught mathematics as an associate professor at Princeton and Stanford before joining the staff of the Rand Corporation in 1952. He has written seventeen books and nearly 400 research papers and monographs of his own. In addition to editing two series of books on mathematics (one for Academic Press, the other for American Elsevier) he is currently editor of the "Journal of Mathematical Analysis and Application."*

Most creative mathematicians are happiest when they are puzzling over abstractions that can be expressed in only one language: mathematics itself. Dr. Bellman is an exception. He enjoys the translation of mathematics into English and finds his deepest satisfaction in applying mathematics to specific human problems. In recent years, his foremost contributions to math have been in application of computer techniques to the practice of medicine and surgery. Here financial support for his work has come from the National Institutes of Health.

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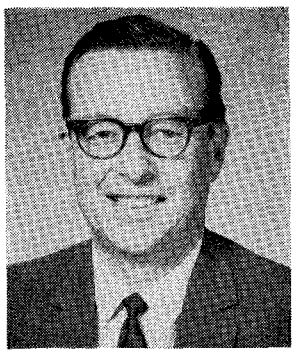

—*U. of Southern California.*

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Are the directions in which it is traveling circumscribed by geographical or political boundaries? Can the systems analysis described by Dr. Richard Bellman be applied to questions of international conflict, to problems of war and peace? Dr. Charles A. McClelland, professor of international relations at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles, believes so. He has outlined his belief, and the reasons behind it, in numerous publications. And now a synthesis of his ideas is due to appear in a new book edited by the noted psychologist, Dr. Elton B. McNeil, and published by Prentice-Hall under a Prentice-Hall copyright. Title: "The Nature of Human Conflict." The excerpt below is reproduced by special permission of the publisher as an exclusive SR preview of the book.*

CHARLES A. McCLELLAND

University of Southern California

THERE ARE DOZENS of significant research projects on international conflict and the problems of its management that the systems approach suggests. By no means are all of these forced to follow the lines laid down in operations research or by mathematically oriented systems analysis. Many of the channels and linkages between different levels of national subsystems that lead finally into the influences on decision-makers have never been explored and await straightforward descriptions. Only a few studies have been made to probe these depths. We sometimes suspect that "warmongers" and "peacemongers" wield more influence on foreign affairs than either their numbers or their ideas warrant, but research on their actual operations, their effectiveness, and the situations that sometimes give them opportunities to be very influential is scant.

From communications research we learn that there are men in roles called *gatekeepers* who let through some kinds of information but not others. Many criticisms are leveled against the conflict proneness in the reporting of the mass media. Try to find in the library, however, any considerable number of careful descriptive accounts of exactly what these gatekeepers do, who they are and who influences *them*, and how and why the selection and emphasis are on the side of conflict. It will be discovered that precious little is known about them, although they look very important. In other sectors of society, our knowledge about sentinels, alarm-sounders, pacifiers, agitators, mediators, and innovators on issues of foreign affairs is extremely thin. We do not know who the United States foreign-policy "influentials" outside official circles are, how many there are, or how they operate. It is understandable, therefore, that we also know little about their counterparts in Great Britain, the Soviet Union, Japan, Mexico, India, and any number of other countries. Simple research techniques applied to many of the subjects mentioned and to others of similar type could move knowledge about subsystem phenomena forward to a considerable extent.

Two further hypotheses about the generation of conflict are not beyond investigation. One is that the large-scale organizations that are prevalent in modern society—in education, business, government, the professions, and even in research—are so unwieldy and so unresponsive to changes in their environments and also so insensitive to the needs for flexibility and variation deep in their supporting subsystems that, in the first instance, they lumber unwittingly into social collisions at home and abroad, and, in the second instance, breed frustrated and angry men who maintain the subsystems. Alienation and apathy may be the familiar results for many "organization men" but, within and without, do the big organizations—a relatively recent development—feed streams of hostility and aggressiveness into both domestic and international affairs and supply recruits for all manner of social conflicts?

The second possibility relates more specifically to the international system. Even the surface evidence of the last two decades is that multiple changes of immense importance have reverberated through the international system: the sudden rise to superpower status of the United States and the Soviet Union and the relative eclipse (temporarily at least) of the Western European states, the collapse of colonialism and the rise of nationalist independence movements in Africa and Asia, the increasing pressure of population growth in many lands, the rise and spread of Communist regimes since World War II, the transformations in the means of travel and communication, and, of not least importance, the vast revolution in military technology. The result by now must be considered to be a thoroughgoing disturbance of the international system and a mixing of old and new elements. Is it not likely that the turmoil, the confusion, the very clash of the old with the new, and the uncertainty of it all would stimulate aggressive social behaviors and would be a prime cause of conflicts, particularly between peoples, races, and nations? There are no doctrines that will explain and simplify multiple changes of such magnitude. The speculative proposition is that men will be tempted to "fight their way to coherence" unless other alternatives for living with change are found.

MORE social research on the phenomena of the mixing of old and new systems would not harm the situation and it might help. There is not available enough information on what the old international system was like before the great change began. Sometimes we hear that history and historians are now useless because they can offer no guide whatever to the future. Perhaps that is only the retort of those who become indignant with the complacent souls who believe things have not really changed, either nationally or internationally. One would think, however, that historians could help greatly by looking back past the massive changes of the last two decades, but with the perspective of that revolution in mind, to the earlier part of this century in order to reconstruct in more vivid detail the conditions that then prevailed—the systems and other operating properties, so to speak—before the takeoff. The simple thesis is that we cannot see the ramifications and the consequences of the new complexities without having a clear view of what the old order was and of which part of it has tumbled down and which of it still stands. Historical scholarship should be capable of providing the estimates and approximations that are needed now for the understanding of where we came from and, hence, where we may be going.

Seldom before has there been such a great need for normative inquiries. The United States may not be the best place

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for meeting that need because of our prevailing norm of always holding to the pragmatic and the practical. But elsewhere, perhaps, there may develop new comprehensive views of a desirable future. We have had in the modern world what has been called a *subsystem-dominant international order*. It may be an accurate appraisal to say that the product of the massive change of recent years has not been the destruction of subsystem dominance but that the consequence of further international change will bear hard on *all* subsystems—hard enough, in fact, to force them into new shapes and to make them vulnerable to new environmental conditions. Whatever international stability now obtains cannot be expected to last for long. The image of the steel ball poised on the end of an egg may be too vivid; it is not easy to conceive of a soft and gradual transition into a condition comparable to that of the steel ball rolling about gently in a teacup, however.

IN anticipation of what is coming, we need pictures of utopias. One of the "metatasks" of great importance is to work out sets of ideas of what international systems and national subsystems should become. How should they fit together and how should the many tiers of related subsystems be ordered to serve themselves and the international order as well? Where are the best control points for safeguarding the stability of boundaries and what means for the self-correction of many levels of system operations should be devised? Which networks, in which setting, would be likely to diminish or amplify our favorite aspirations for the human race? What social systems are going to have the property of winning values for some but losing them for others? Are there any systems that impel gains for some but no losses for all others?

Above all, what are the speculations and imaginative projections that would ride with system dynamics and, thereby, put out the faint tracings of a route for getting from where we are to a preferred future? Perhaps, if we are thoughtful about it, we may realize that being utopian is not sinful or wrong-headed when even one step toward an idealized future can be visualized and taken. The fascination in machines is that the one-step-at-a-time method is leading toward such wonders as devices that will someday take in pages written in Arabic and print out the text in English or any other language as good as the original. In 1885, practical men would have called *that* idea utopian dreaming.

This essay cannot be brought to a close without repeating that common sense and customary knowledge have become inadequate to cope with current social complexity and current social change. Those who reject the legitimacy and the potential contribution of organized social research are urged to reconsider their stand in the light of many evidences of a great unfolding of social, political, psychological, and economic transformations. This does not seem to be a time for mandarins.

Practical applications of physical and biological science are the sources of many of the changes. But a new philosophy of science came with the package of twentieth-century scientific discovery. Not mere techniques, but a basic point of view of how to go about solving complex problems, has appeared with the problems themselves. Then general-systems approach is already the foundation of a successful practice in analyzing, planning, and guiding systems where complexity is the most prominent characteristic. This is happening in industry, in business management, in government operations, and in research and development of military man-machine technology.

Although we are still at the beginning, general-systems analysis, being *general*, being specific to any wanted degree in application, and being indifferent with respect to the dividers usually set up to keep subject matters apart, appears to have good prospects for the study of social systems and such dangerous properties as conflict within and between social systems. Yet, for all that promise it should be kept in mind that the general-systems approach is neither a formula nor a doctrine but a cluster of strategies of inquiry, not a theory but an organized space within which many theories may be developed and related.

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

Fluoridation Debate (Cont.)

PROFESSOR ARTHUR SELWYN MILLER has obliged your antifluoridationist science editor John Lear by writing a learned dissertation on constitutional law [*SR*, Apr. 3], but it would have been wiser to learn some pertinent facts about the facts of water treatment first. Those who see a menace to liberty in the addition of fluorides to water rarely appreciate that it is and long has been perfectly standard practice to treat public water supplies with a wide variety of chemicals—and for reasons less compelling than to preserve or promote the health of consumers. Should not the legal arguments, therefore, take into account the precedent, not of court decisions, but of time-honored practice?

The table of "Chemicals Used in Water Treatment" in the American Water Works Association's official manual, *Water Quality and Treatment*, 2nd Ed., lists over forty different compounds, of which only twelve are added for reasons of health. It is instructive to consider the nature and purpose of the rest.

Ten, including alum and ferric sulfate, are coagulants—that is, they are added to improve the efficiency of filtration. Nine, including activated carbon and sulfur dioxide, are intended for taste and odor control—that is, esthetics. Four, including slaked lime and soda ash, are used for softening—that is, to save soap, fuel, and wear and tear on both fabrics and hot water systems. But I especially invite attention to the group of eight chemicals—mostly phosphates, but also including lye and sulfuric acid—intended for scale and corrosion control. This means, simply, conditioning the water so as to achieve a balance between a tendency to form thick deposits in the water mains and a tendency to corrode the mains.

Honestly, if it is all right (and it *is* all right, Mr. Lear!) to dose the water with a chemical for the sake of some cast-iron *pipe*, why object to adding something to it to protect our children's teeth?

How can sober, respectable people argue that a measure that admittedly benefits children to age sixteen is "imposed, not for the *public* welfare but for the *private* welfare of a few?" Wouldn't this reasoning strike down our child labor laws? Or—to cite an institution that serves only a fraction of this fraction—the children's courts?

DANIEL N. FISCHEL.

Teaneck, N.J.

MR. ARTHUR SELWYN MILLER has written an antifluoridation article cleverly interwoven with a lesson on U. S. Supreme Court jurisdiction and function. I shall comment first on the constitutional law lesson. After discussing the two methods for obtaining U. S. Supreme Court review of state court decisions, namely by writ of *certiorari* and by appeal, and after noting that the court refused to review the merits of five state fluoridation decisions, he concludes that the court has never explained why it has refused to review any one of five decisions of five different state supreme courts favoring fluoridation.

After stating that conclusion, Mr. Miller uses it as the foundation for his thesis that "adding fluoride to municipal water systems presents a significant civil liberties question, whatever the scientific merits may be."

But the U. S. Supreme Court has explicitly announced its reason for refusing to review two of the five cases for which U. S. Supreme Court review was sought, that reason being "want of a substantial federal question." (*Chapman vs. City of Shreveport*, appeal dismissed 348, U. S. 892, 1954, and *Krause vs. City of Cleveland*, appeal dismissed 351, U. S. 935, 1955). Mr. Miller knows that "want of a substantial federal question" as applied to the fluoridation cases means the want of any substantial civil liberties question.

Unless the opponents of fluoridation, including Mr. Miller, can advance a civil liberties issue which has not been treated at length in the California, Louisiana, Ohio, Oklahoma, and Illinois fluoridation cases

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(and I doubt they can), Mr. Miller must grant that the U. S. Supreme Court will continue to reject petitions for the review of state court decisions upholding fluoridation. The Supreme Court will be fully justified in rejecting such petitions for review because the court knows that the state courts have thoroughly reviewed all of the civil liberties issues raised by the opponents of fluoridation and because the court agrees with the state courts that the plaintiffs (fluoridation opponents) have raised no substantial federal (civil liberties) question.

BERNARD J. CONWAY,
Assistant Secretary,
Legal Affairs,
American Dental Association.
Chicago, Ill.

PROFESSOR MILLER gives valuable perspective on public health legislation in the United States. A philosophy is described by which those diseases which come under legislative action are distinguished from those which do not—and, in general, this philosophy seems logical. Professor Miller makes several assumptions, however, concerning dental caries (tooth decay) which show the limits of his knowledge concerning this complicated chronic disease. Some comment from a dentist seems therefore to be in order.

Professor Miller bases much of his attitude toward dental caries on his assumption that it is "neither contagious, nor communicable, nor inheritable," and "does not endanger a person's life in the acute way that smallpox or other lethal diseases do." Let us examine these statements.

The causation of dental disease does not seem nearly as simple a matter today as it did a generation ago. Bacteria at that time were known to be involved in the dental caries process, but it was not known that bacteria were always present nor was their role considered important by most researchers. Today, after a great deal of sophisticated research, much of it with germ-free animals, we have found ourselves unable to create dental caries without bacteria, and are assigning a far more important role to them in the process. Furthermore, Dr. Paul H. Keyes, of the U. S. Public Health Service, has observed the transmission of caries-causing bacteria from one experimental animal to another. The possibility thus exists that caries is in fact a communicable disease. This fact has been, and will continue to be, obscured by the fact that caries take so long to develop. Sources of infection cannot be traced nearly as well as in a quickly developing disease like smallpox.

Patterns of inheritance, both familial and racial, can be traced in dental caries. Tooth form is known to be related to the frequency of dental caries, and people can transmit to their offspring teeth which are more susceptible to caries than other teeth would be. I am inclined to agree with Professor Miller, however, as to the unimportance of this factor, even if demonstrated.

I do take issue with the statement that "tooth decay does not endanger a person's life." Subacute bacterial endocarditis (a form of heart disease) takes hundreds of lives in the United States each year, and is most commonly caused by a type of streptococci commonly found in decayed teeth. The onset of this type of endocarditis, closely following dental operations, has been so commonly noted that the probability of direct causation as a result of caries is considered to be very high. Other fatal diseases may easily result from the many organisms in carious lesions. It is not enough to say that if all cavities were filled early this situation could be prevented. There are not enough dentists in the United States to fill all the cavities now known to exist.

Another of Professor Miller's attitudes toward fluoridation rests upon his assumption that the benefits are "limited to a small segment of the population (children to age sixteen)." This statement is almost undoubtedly untrue. It is true that reduced dental benefits are seen in young people who were born before the initiation of fluoridation and that studies involving more than seventeen years of experience with controlled fluoridation are not yet available. Reasoning as to the chemical nature of fluoridation and the clear direction of all trials to date, however, indicate reductions of more than 50 per cent in caries continuing throughout the entire adult life-span.

Professor Miller's concept of fluoridation as benefiting only shifting minority groups throughout the United States leads him to consider it "an unjustifiable assumption—that the public weal—be involved." How can he escape knowing that over 46,000,000 people are now served here with fluoridated water, another 6,000,000 get naturally fluoridated water, and over 10,000,000 more people in the Greater New York area will soon get fluoridated water?

JAMES M. DUNNING, D.D.S., M.P.H.,
Clinical Professor of Ecological Dentistry,
Harvard University.
Cambridge, Mass.

PROFESSOR ARTHUR S. MILLER'S article entitled "Fluoridation vs. the Constitution" [*SR*, Apr. 3] contained a misconception so serious that it negates his thesis.

Professor Miller implied that the benefits of fluoridation are not evident for a lifetime by stating that ". . . beneficial effects beyond the age of sixteen years are doubtful." It has been well-established that the greatest caries-preventive effect of fluorides is achieved if fluoride is ingested during the period when the enamel of teeth is forming and the years immediately after the teeth erupt. This period approximates Professor Miller's "sixteen years." It is, however, equally well-established that the caries-preventive benefit from fluorides built into the teeth during early life persists for the remainder of the individual's lifetime. Thus, all citizens of a population which has been drinking fluoridated water over a period of three generations will exhibit a remarkably low level of tooth decay.

In the light of the above facts, fluoridation is seen to benefit both children and adults providing the adults received the fluoride as children. Professor Miller concedes that courts have accepted the principle of governmental intervention in the interest of the health of children because children are entitled to special protection. It seems perfectly clear that fluoridation especially fits this legal concept because most adults who are to vote on a decision to fluoridate are too old to gain personal health benefits from fluoridation and are, therefore, susceptible to other considerations not necessarily in the best interests of the health of children.

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President, Massachusetts Dental Society,
Professor of Dentistry, Harvard School of Dental Medicine.
Boston, Mass.

A Rebuttal

I SHALL ANSWER the four letters immediately above in the order in which they appear.

First, Mr. Fischel is wrong in supposing that my article on the constitutionality of fluoridation was written to "oblige" Mr. Lear. The initiative was mine, taken because I believe that in a democratic society all facets of any public policy issue (fluoridation, air pollution, or the U.S. commitment in Vietnam, to name but three) should be discussed in any public dialogue.

Second, since feasible and reasonable alternatives to mass fluoridation of water do exist, it seems to me that freedom is maximized by permitting all to choose whether they wish to avail themselves of fluoride or not. The responsibility for child welfare should be *parental*, but with society (acting through government) assisting those who need and ask for help by making fluoride available in tablet or liquid form free of charge.

The "time-honored" practices of keeping water mains flowing merely means that, if a city chooses to furnish water, then it should do so efficiently and free from disease.

Child labor laws and children's courts are not apposite. In both, it is entirely proper for government to keep one person or corporation (as in child labor) from harming another, just as it has long been proper to set up courts to deal with children as children. But admitting the principle that government can affirmatively intervene to try to improve health whenever the "experts" think it desirable is quite another matter.

If Mr. Conway will reread my *SR* article he will find that I did say that the phrase, "want of a substantial federal question," is employed almost by rote in dismissals of appeals by the Supreme Court. But there has been no explicit statement of the court's reasoning in any of the cases concerning fluoridation of public drinking water. And in absence of such a statement neither I nor anyone else can know what was in the mind of the justices.

I doubt that Mr. Conway's crystal ball is so clear as to enable him to predict with

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such absolute certainty that the court "will continue to reject petitions for the review of state court decisions upholding fluoridation." For years the court refused to rule on the constitutional question in apportionment of state legislatures; but in 1962, in *Baker vs. Carr*, it did find a justiciable constitutional issue. For decades, "separate but equal" was the law in racial segregation in the public schools, but *Brown vs. Board of Education* (1954) changed that. As Justice W. O. Douglas has said in *Glidden Co. vs. Zdanok* (1962), "matters of constitutional interpretation are always open."

Dr. Dunning's argument seems to me to be bottomed on some rather dubious premises. He says: "The *possibility* . . . exists that caries is in fact a communicable disease." (Italics added.) He then calls this "possibility" a "fact"—and undercuts his point in the third paragraph by admitting that the facts are "obscured." In other words, he admits that the experts do not know whether caries is a communicable disease.

His fifth paragraph concerning subacute bacterial endocarditis contains an obvious *non sequitur*. He first talks about the *probability* of subacute bacterial endocarditis being caused by dental caries, and then proceeds to say "*other* fatal diseases may easily result. . . ." He hasn't proved his first premise, statistically or otherwise, and his conclusion about "other fatal diseases" simply does not follow from that premise. It is, furthermore, my understanding that some specialists on heart disease contest Dr. Dunning's statements about the mortality rate of subacute bacterial endocarditis. They say mortality once was high but now is very low because the disease is controllable with antibiotics. It hardly is valid to argue for fluoridation when the medical facts are so hazy.

I am not sure I understand what Dr. Hein's point is. I gather, however, from his last sentence that he does not believe that adults should vote on a decision to fluoridate because they "are too old to gain personal health benefits from fluoridation." They are consequently "susceptible to other considerations not necessarily in the best interests of the health of children and future generations." That is indeed an interesting, although far from novel, proposition: government by expert (in this case, the doctor). I find this difficult to mesh with any known theory of a democratic society.

Dr. Hein had better get together with Dr. Dunning on the statement that it is "well-established that the caries-preventive benefit from fluorides built into the teeth during early life persists for the remainder of the individual's lifetime." Dr. Dunning's letter says studies are not yet available involving more than seventeen years' experience with fluoridation.

Dr. Hein should also read Dr. Waldbott's letter in the May 1st issue of *Saturday Review* concerning the subtle side effects of fluoridation.

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George Washington University
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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—CI

THERE'S A WINDMILL IN THE ATTIC

S. Dillon Ripley is Blowing Dust Off The Smithsonian

—WASHINGTON, D. C.

IN a century-old, castle-like structure on Washington's Mall, amidst antique office furnishings meticulously collected under his direction, a tall, cosmopolitan, graciously mannered biologist is stirring intense intellectual ferment in what is often referred to as "the nation's attic"—that vast agglomeration of tourist-filled museums and little-known laboratories that make up the 119-year-old Smithsonian Institution.

The source of the ferment is S. Dillon Ripley, a fifty-one-year-old specialist in the birds of Asia, explorer, and former Office of Special Services (OSS) agent, who was appointed sixteen months ago to be secretary, or chief executive of the far-flung Smithsonian empire.

At the time of his appointment, Ripley was comfortably settled as director of Yale's Peabody Museum of Natural History, a position that offered not only professional satisfaction and prestige, but one that fulfilled his lifelong design to focus his career near the old and beloved 150-acre family estate at Litchfield, Connecticut. There, on property which his family has held since 1870, Ripley had an easily accessible retreat as well as an outdoor laboratory for his research on wildfowl.

"But one doesn't say no to an offer to head the Smithsonian," he explains, "and so, though I had never dreamed that anything could cause me to pull up stakes and leave Yale or move beyond easy commuting to Litchfield, I couldn't say no."

The consequences of that decision are now being felt not only at the Smithsonian but at other institutions of learning throughout the nation. For Ripley, despite his disarming urbanity and gentle manner, is energizing the ancient, tradition-bound Smithsonian with thoroughness reminiscent of the whirlwind Robert S. McNamara brought upon the Department of Defense.

In brief, it is Ripley's goal to banish the "attic" image and transform the Smithsonian into a dynamic center where collecting and exhibiting will be only a part—though still a very important part—of far-reaching advances in research and education in biology, anthropology, astronomy, and numerous other disciplines of thought. He is also intent upon blending the Smithsonian's facilities and activities into the Washington community milieu, for the mutual benefit of the capital city and the Institution and as a demonstration of his belief that museums hold vast potential as community centers for education and pleasure.

"A museum can be a *powerhouse*," Ripley declares with almost religious fervor, "but it can't be that unless museum people and the public get away from the 'attic' mentality."

When the regents of the Smithsonian chose S. Dillon Ripley to head the largest and most prestigious museum complex in the nation, they had a clear vision of both the human quality they were engaging and the point in Smithsonian history at which he would be taking the helm. Over the previous decade, under the leadership of secretary Leonard Carmichael, the Smithsonian had gone through an enormously successful and unprecedented period of physical expansion. More than $50 million worth of new buildings and facilities had been added to the Smithsonian's sprawling plant, which includes the Museum of Natural History, the Museum of History and Technology, the National Air Museum, the National Gallery of Art, the Freer Gallery, the National Zoological Park, the Astrophysical Observatory, as well as numerous other parts. But with a few exceptions, such as the widely acclaimed work of the Astrophysical Observatory in extraterrestrial space exploration, the decade of physical expansion had been accompanied by a decline of the scientific eminence for which the Smithsonian had long been noted. To a large extent, the cause of this regression was beyond the Smithsonian's control. The Institution's traditional pattern of operation had been to select neglected areas and show the rest of the scientific community where the opportunities lay: study of the weather

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before there was a Weather Bureau, systematic studies of the American West in advance of the great westward migrations, studies of flying machines before the Wright brothers flew their plane at Kitty Hawk. The remarkable insight reflected by the choices provoked a 1958 *Saturday Review* report entitled, "Mr. Smithson's Space Station." But in the rush of federal funds for science after World War II, the traditionally low-keyed efforts of the Smithsonian stood little chance of competing for attention with the new giants of space, atomic energy, and medical research.

"We put our emphasis on buildings and exhibits," a staff member recalled, "and in this atmosphere it was extremely difficult to find time, money, or support for research. Now, with Ripley here, things are different," he continued. "Now anything with a research label on it gets so much support and enthusiasm from the secretary's office that this place is beginning to feel more like a university science department than a museum"—which is precisely the environment that Ripley has been striving to create among the 300 scientists who work behind the scenes at the Smithsonian.

Ecology and environmental biology particularly have received a great deal of emphasis. On an organizational level, separate offices have been established for ecology and systematics to give these areas greater visibility and prestige in the Smithsonian hierarchy; fellowships have been made available to attract graduate students to these subjects. The Ripley regime is also looking into various possibilities for research projects in Latin America, aimed at studying natural populations that are seriously threatened by changes man has made in his environment. An estate on Chesapeake Bay, recently willed to the Smithsonian, is to be used as a center for field biology. To extend the time available for research, the Smithsonian staff is receiving more technical assistance to free it from routine tasks.

To trace the source of Ripley's vision of the Smithsonian, it is useful to go back to prewar days, when, as a Yale undergraduate, he had reluctantly accepted his family's conclusion that he was suited for a career in law. "I guess it was because I was a cantankerous arguer," he says. But a fascination for birds, dating from the time he was chairman of the birdbath club at St. Paul's School, convinced him that the law was not his calling. He fondly remembered a family visit to India when he was thirteen, and a long, adventurous walking tour that he and a sister took into western Tibet. So, against dire warnings that science and starvation were synonomous (actually a fair description of the matter in depression days), Ripley enrolled at Columbia

—*Smithsonian Institution.*

S. Dillon Ripley

in 1936 for graduate work in zoology. He immediately found himself in academic trouble. "I hadn't taken adequate preparation as an undergraduate," he says, "and I was doing terribly."

As he gloomily pondered his professional future, a note arrived from some old family friends. They were off to explore New Guinea in a small schooner. They had a modest monthly salary, provided by the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, to offer to a sturdy crew member who could double as a zoologist. Ripley snapped at the offer, and soon was off on a memorable eighteen-month expedition.

"I learned my zoology in the field," he says, "and I loved it."

He gathered 1,300 specimens for the Philadelphia Academy, including 100 that he delivered alive. Upon returning, he found the Academy so pleased with his work that it signed him on for an expedition to Sumatra. When he returned from that journey, Harvard offered him a small fellowship, and later a teaching assistantship, which he held while writing a delightful book about his New Guinea adventures: "Trail of the Money Bird."

When the United States entered World War II, Ripley was holding the position of assistant curator of birds at the Smithsonian, and was working on his doctoral thesis. A few months later, the Office of Coordinator of Information, precursor of the Office of Special Services, learned of his familiarity with the terrain and languages of Southeast Asia. Not long after that he was working in Ceylon, India, and Burma as a headquarters coordinator of agents who were operating behind enemy lines.

Not even the war could cause Ripley to set aside his ornithological researches, however. "I had the Smithsonian send me some equipment," he recalls, "and I took advantage of my off-duty hours to do a bit of research."

Ripley's presence in Southeast Asia also offered him an opportunity to develop an acquaintance he had made earlier in New York with another OSS employe, Mary Livingstone, an equally adventurous spirit whom he married in 1949. Now parents of daughters eight, ten, and twelve years of age, Ripley and his wife work together on the field trips that he still makes to Southeast Asia.

"We like to take the children along," he explains. "For example, on a recent trip to New Guinea, we would leave the children cared for at a hotel for a month at a time while we worked in the field. I think children should learn to be independent of their parents. It is very good for the children and very good for the parents."

Following the war, Ripley joined the Peabody staff, and divided his time between New Haven and field trips to Asia. The fruits of these expeditions included a series of publications that rapidly enhanced his reputation, and in 1955, he became Peabody's curator of birds. Four years later, he was named Peabody's director.

"At that point," he says, "I felt that the museum situation in this country was in a state of crisis. The 'attic' complex was dominant. Museums were facing financial difficulties that prevented them from fulfilling their roles as research institutions. And their influence in our scientific and intellectual lives was actually diminishing."

Ripley's performance at Yale, as curator and as director, accurately foreshadowed the style of operations and goals that he brought to the Smithsonian. "It was very simple," he explains, "we needed money, a great deal more, and we needed to bring intellectual vitality into the museum by making it an integral part, rather than a storehouse, of the university." Ripley saw to it that money was forthcoming by persuasively pleading the museum's case and holding forth visions of excellence before those who controlled the pursestrings. While he was curator of birds, he obtained construction funds for a new ornithology section by persuading a wealthy friend of Yale to remember Peabody in his will. And, upon this financial base, he began the process of weaving the museum into the intellectual fabric of the university. The concept of the museum as no more than a repository was cast away. Assistantships and fellowships were created to encourage students to look upon the museum as a place to advance, rather than simply store, knowledge. The effect was to encourage an academic rather than a curatorial atmosphere. Ripley also started an associate program to acquaint the campus and the surrounding public with the potential of the museum, and he slowly, but continually, worked to convert the Yale community to his belief that Peabody Museum of Natural History could be as dynamic a center for re-

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search as any of the campus's glittering laboratories.

When Ripley's revolution at Yale had been underway for about three years, he was paid a casual call by two regents of the Smithsonian. They said nothing about the Smithsonian secretaryship becoming vacant. "I guess they were looking me over," Ripley says, "but I didn't realize it. We had a pleasant discussion, and shortly afterwards, the invitation came."

Ripley's whirlwind approach to the Smithsonian is not without its detractors. Museums tend to generate conservatism in their staffs. This is especially the case where tradition hangs heavy, as it does at the Smithsonian. References are frequently made to the nineteenth century intellectual giant, Joseph Henry, who, as first secretary of the Smithsonian, set the pattern for the Institution's role after Congress in 1846 finally accepted the half-million gold dollars British James Smithson bequeathed to the American people in 1826 "to found at Washington an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." Long-time associates of the Smithsonian and Ripley himself look upon Henry as a model to be emulated but never quite matched.

The sweeping nature of Ripley's objectives made him vulnerable at first to the criticism that he was long on offering grand concepts and short on paying attention to administrative details essential to carrying out his professed designs. However, with his first anniversary at the Smithsonian now behind him, it is clear that Ripley has converted the vast majority of the staff to his vision. By and large, he accomplished this simply by appealing to professional pride and by consistently demonstrating that sympathetic consideration awaited any proposal aimed at enabling the staff to realize its professional potential.

As one staff scientist put it, "Lots of people here had ideas for expanding their research activities. But whenever they ran into problems of money, time, or organization, they were left to themselves to work out the problem. Now we know Ripley is behind us and that if we encounter an obstacle, he is willing and eager to do anything to find a way around."

Ripley's encouragement of a proposal to automate the cataloging of large collections of specimens has enthused even the museum traditionalists. And groundbreakers on the staff find joy in such innovative projects as a systematic study of animal tumors in conjunction with the National Institutes of Health.

At Yale, Ripley considered it to be his task to weave the museum into the fabric of one university. At the Smithsonian, he has broadened his goal to a national scale, and he is seeking to develop intimate working ties between the Institution and universities throughout the country. Arrangements have been made, or are in the works, to enable graduate students from various universities to conduct research based on the fabulously extensive Smithsonian collections. Ripley also has plans for Smithsonian staff members to conduct research and to teach at universities.

To the delight of scientists in his entourage, he has requested sizeable increases in research appropriations. Congress has not yet completed action on his budget, but appropriations committees of the House and Senate have voted an increase of about $3,500,000 over last year's funds. The quality of the spending may be anticipated by scanning the list of additions to the Smithsonian staff.

There is Philip Ritterbush, a biologist, who formerly served on the staff of U.S. Senator Thomas J. McIntyre (D.-N.H.) and in the White House Office of Science and Technology. Ritterbush is Smithsonian special assistant for scientific matters. There is William Warner, former executive assistant to Sargent Shriver, director of the Peace Corps. Warner is Smithsonian special assistant for international activities. There is Jack Whitelaw, a former personnel official for the National Science Foundation. Whitelaw is Smithsonian special assistant for the research staff. Charles Blitzer, former executive associate of the American Council of Learned Societies, soon will join the Smithsonian as director of the division of education and training.

Ripley intends to run this powerhouse of talent through two assistant secretaries of the Smithsonian: one for science and the other for the humanities. These are new positions, the Institution's counterparts of academic vice-presidents at universities. There is no thought of maintaining two cultures, however. On the contrary, the previously compartmented subspecialties of biology and anthropology are being welded together for purposes of interdisciplinary research. The old Bureau of American Ethnology and the old Department of Anthropology have already been merged into a new Office of Anthropology.

RIPLEY is also determined to make the Washington community feel more at home with the Smithsonian. He plans to establish outdoor cafés on the Smithsonian grounds, and he has initiated band concerts on the plaza of the vast new Museum of History and Technology. In addition, he is setting up an organization of Museum Associates, designed to give the general public an opportunity to support the Museum and take part in its activities.

One of Ripley's first steps upon becoming secretary was to redecorate the secretary's suite in a style that would have made Joseph Henry feel right at home. (Henry actually resided in the red stone "castle" on the Mall that still serves as an exhibit hall and as the Smithsonian's administrative headquarters.) "When I arrived," Ripley says, "the offices were furnished in GI decor. I felt that it would be properly symbolic to acknowledge our ties to the past while planning for the future." The result is a striking re-creation of the nineteenth century, including a roll-top desk for one of his secretaries, wooden interior shutters, Victorian chairs in patterned velvet, carpets specially woven from period patterns, and burnished brass and glass chandeliers.

"Perhaps the most impressive thing about Ripley," says a staff associate, "is his impatience with poor taste and unrealized potential. I think he has infected all of us with this impatience, and as a result the Smithsonian is coming alive."

—DANIEL S. GREENBERG.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Art

SWEAT OF THE SUN AND TEARS OF THE MOON: Gold and Silver in Pre-Columbian Art. By André Emmerich. Univ. of Washington Press. $15.

Crime, Suspense

AN ACADEMIC QUESTION. By Richard H. R. Smithies. Horizon. $3.95.

THE CASE OF THE BEAUTIFUL BEGGAR. By Erle Stanley Gardner. Morrow. $3.50.

THE CORPSE IN THE FLANNEL NIGHTGOWN. By Margaret Scherf. Doubleday. $3.50.

Current Affairs

GOD WILLS US FREE: The Ordeal of a Southern Minister. By Robert McNeill. Hill & Wang. $5.

LITHUANIA UNDER THE SOVIETS: Portrait of a Nation, 1940-65. Edited by V. Stanley Vardys. Praeger. $7.

THE PAST THAT WOULD NOT DIE. By Walter Lord. Harper & Row. $4.95.

REPORT FROM A CHINESE VILLAGE. By Jan Myrdal. Pantheon. $6.95.

SOMEHOW IT WORKS: A Candid Portrait of the 1964 Presidential Election. By NBC News. Doubleday. $15.

THE SUMMER THAT DIDN'T END. By Len Holt. Morrow. $5.

Fiction

CLOCHEMERLE LES BAINS. By Gabriel Chevallier. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

THE CROSS AND THE SWORD. By Jonreed Lauritzen. Doubleday. $4.95.

DEMIAN. By Hermann Hesse. Newly translated by Michael Roloff and Michael Lebeck. Harper & Row. $4.50.

LANDRU. By René Masson. Doubleday. $5.95.

MARIE BEGINNING. By Alfred Grossman. Doubleday. $4.50.

THE NEW YORK RIDE. By Anne Bernays. Trident. $4.95.

History

THE ARDENNES: Battle of the Bulge. By Hugh M. Cole. Published by Office of the Chief of Military History, Dept. of the Army. Distributed by Supt. of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office. $7.50.

AVIGNON IN FLOWER, 1309-1403. By Marzieh Gail. Houghton Mifflin. $6.

BAAL, CHRIST AND MOHAMMED: Religion and Revolution in North Africa. By John K. Cooley. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $8.95.

THE ENGLISH REFORM TRADITION, 1790-1910. Edited by Sydney W. Jackman. Prentice-Hall. Paperback, $1.95.

IS PARIS BURNING? By Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre. Simon & Schuster. $6.95.

Literary Criticism

A BLAKE DICTIONARY: The Ideas and Symbols of William Blake. By S. Foster Damon. Brown Univ. Press. $15.

JAMES STEPHENS: His Work and an Account of His Life. By Hilary Pyle. Barnes & Noble. $6.

THE TROUBADOURS. By Robert Briffault. Edited by Lawrence F. Koons. Indiana Univ. Press. $6.

W. B. YEATS AND GEORGIAN IRELAND. By Donald T. Torchiana. Northwestern Univ. Press. $8.50.

Miscellany

ARLINGTON: Monument to Heroes. By John Vincent Hinkel. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

THE ART OF BRITISH COOKING. By Theodora FitzGibbon. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE ART OF SCANDINAVIAN COOKING. By Nika Standen Hazelton. Macmillan. $4.95.

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF SURFING. By Peter L. Dixon. Coward-McCann. $5.50.

Personal History

THE BROTHERS HARPER. By Eugene Exman. Harper & Row. $7.50.

D. H. LAWRENCE: A Personal Record. By "ET" (Jessie Chambers). Barnes & Noble. $5.

THE LAST YEARS. By Soren Kierkegaard. Harper & Row. $6.95.

SALT OF THE EARTH: An Informal Profile of Richard Cardinal Cushing. By John H. Fenton. Coward-McCann. $5.

Poetry

THE SONNETS, SONGS AND POEMS OF SHAKESPEARE. Edited by O. J. Campbell. Schocken. $5.

Psychology, Sociology

THE DRY YEARS: Prohibition and Social Change in Washington. By Norman H. Clark. Univ. of Washington Press. $6.95.

THE POSITIVE THINKERS: A Study of the American Quest for Health, Wealth, and Personal Power from Mary Baker Eddy to Norman Vincent Peale. By Donald Meyer. Doubleday. $4.95.

PSYCHOANALYSIS AND SOCIAL RESEARCH: The Psychoanalytic Study of the Non-Patient. By Herbert Hendin, Willard Gaylin, and Arthur Carr. Doubleday. $2.95.

THE SAVAGES OF AMERICA: A Study of the Indian and the Idea of Civilization. New edition. By Roy Harvey Pearce. Johns Hopkins. $6.

Religion, Philosophy

THE ETHICAL DIMENSION. By Evelyn Shirk. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $5.95.

HUME, NEWTON, AND THE DESIGN ARGUMENT. By Robert H. Hurlbutt, III. Univ. of Nebraska Press. $5.

THE LOVE OF ANXIETY. By Charles Frankel. Harper & Row. $3.95.

RAMAKRISHNA AND HIS DISCIPLES. By Christopher Isherwood. Simon & Schuster. $7.50.

SUMMA THEOLOGIAE. By St. Thomas Aquinas. Edited by Thomas Gilby. McGraw-Hill. Volumes 26, 39, 58. $7.50 each.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

"Sir, where shall I tell them you've gone?"

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read 3, 17, 18, 7, 8, 11, 20, 9, 5, 6, 4, 13, 2, 10, 16, 19, 14, 12, 15, 1.

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Newest Vocation

Continued from page 14

ployment in more upwardly mobile occupations.

Unfortunately, there are no easy ways to guarantee that political activators will continue in the new vocation instead of transferring into more traditional occupations. The attractions from the old vocations would be respectability, money, and relaxation from psychological pressures. Presumably the new vocation—as an abstract concept or idea—would gradually become more respectable as it became more firmly established. But in particular cases, stirring up the inert and excluded would probably seem to be highly provocative—and its practitioners would, at least locally and temporarily, seem disreputable. Only people who could stand up under local scorn would be likely to stay in the new vocation. The general respectability of the new vocation would probably be improved if the salaries were roughly comparable to those of the more traditional vocations. Such salaries would of course have to come from those who are immediately concerned, either from the reasonably affluent, who regard donations as their own form of political activation, or from the directly affected, as labor organizers' salaries come from union dues. The problem of relaxation from the exhausting grind of political activation could be met by a "sabbatical" arrangement, thus giving the political activator a temporary respite that would refresh him to do battle anew. Again the question of money arises, for funds would have to be made available to provide individuals with an occasional "vacation" during which they would not be earning their way as political activators.

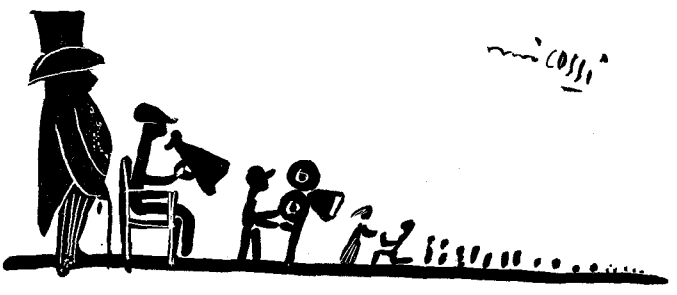
At the forty-to-fifty level, there will be a tendency for many to move from political activation itself (in the form of direct involvement in the life of the dispossessed) into bureaucratic staffing of the agencies that have been necessitated by the new vocation. It is at this juncture that a union headquarters, an urban renewal agency, the Peace Corps, etc., would recruit people with field experience to move into desk jobs and paperwork. Some of this kind of movement is natural and makes good sense; but most of those in the new vocation should not leave it in this fashion. What is the alternative?

One of the major needs of the new vocation will be for older men of wisdom and experience to train new entrants into the field, while they themselves remain directly involved. Thus a number of the political activators at this age level would become "professors" of the new discipline, in the ancient sense that they would continue to "profess" the vocation themselves while teaching others to enter it. Specifically, these individuals would be integrated into a two-year program. They would spend the first year in an educational setting where their own experience could be unified with the most recent developments in sociology, psychology, educational method, and counseling; and the second year in the field, where their talents could be used to instruct trainees in the new vocation. Thus, for example, someone in his forties who had been working in the Mississippi Delta might spend one year at a large university and then either return to the Delta or perhaps become a "professor" in a city slum such as Harlem. Once again the question of money is critical, for support would have to be provided to these individuals while they are "in school" on a leave of absence from their normal role as a political activator. And some funds would need to be available to assist them in settling into their new jobs as "professors" in what might be a totally new environment.

FINALLY, at the sixty-two-to-sixty-five age level, much might be done to encourage people to devote themselves to the new vocation after retiring from their conventional occupations. Indeed, these new recruits would be specially qualified to deal with communities of the aged who were on the verge of surrendering their previous political involvement in order to "join" the excluded. Older persons just joining the new vocation would be in the best position to reverse this trend and shift the aged into the area of political concern and commitment. To implement this type of participation, funds would have to be made available to provide one-year grants to a number of these older people. They could then spend six months in participation and training at an institute-workshop, and another six months in setting up their own special projects. Grants at this stage need only be minimal—enough to provide a subsistence standard of living by filling out pensions and other such sources of income.

Looking down the career line that emerges from this sketch, it seems possible that the activator career would be best expressed through the establishment of many institute-workshops, kept deliberately small and equipped to accommodate people of all ages. Each of these might consist of twenty-five to fifty people (with one or two instructor-activators for every eight to ten student-activators), and contain new recruits, regular workers, and "professors." This network of "schools" would be analogous to the more traditional academic system; but its component parts would be much smaller and would be kept free of red tape. Each institute-workshop might be set up in conjunction with a particular action group, such as a labor union, CORE chapter, or public housing association. Support for these institutes as such would be useful, but the purpose of political activation would probably be best served by encouraging individual autonomy, through giving grants to individuals to go wherever they felt the worst deprivations of human rights and political involvement existed.

It must be emphasized that such grants could not do the whole job of bringing the new career into existence; but they could encourage its growth by providing for aid at the "critical points." If the vocation were to grow, of course, there would not only have to be money to pay its practitioners but there would have to be the kinds of practitioners who could bring élan and excitement to a drab life among worn-out people, practitioners who would be able to come back roaring with energy after a rent strike had collapsed or a group of suburban mothers had called them Communists. And in the long run, the activators could be successful only if their financial, psychological, and political support began to come not from those who were already affluent or already powerful, but from those most directly affected by the new vocation: from Negroes in Mississippi, mothers on welfare in Cleveland, businessmen in Chicago who became interested in disarmament, suburban mothers who create a center for consumer information. As these groups become politically active, they are more likely to support their own and others' activators, and if their political action brings results they are more likely to have the money and energy and knowledge with which to do the job. In this way, an investment in the new vocation would be likely to multiply the vocation's own support; and a constantly increasing proportion of Ameri-



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cans might find themselves involved in the new kind of work.

Of course, the new vocation would not be wholly new and utterly unprecedented. The idea that people should be paid for carrying on political action goes back to Athens, where the citizens were paid for casting their ballots and where, indeed, many of the citizens treated political activity as their chief concern and occupation. What would be new would be the great numbers of people who could spend their time in politics. For although politics has always been the main occupation of some human beings, to the extent that only a very few have held this human right, it has operated as the antithesis of a right, as if it were the acme of special and tyrannical privilege. It was Aristotle who wrote that slaves would always be necessary if some men were to be free to think—until and unless, he added sardonically, the shuttles were to learn to weave without workmen. But what to Aristotle was a sarcastic aside has in the age of automation become living reality. In rich America, a great proportion of the population could make political activation its vocation. Then, if man is, as Aristotle said, the political animal, all men could for the first time afford to become fully human.

Indeed, as American society changes, the new vocation might become not only valuable but necessary. For the very richness of America is wiping out almost every traditional vocation. Most production jobs and many services are being automated out of existence. Cybernation is replacing the traditional jobs, leaving as work only those jobs that deal with human beings and values: poetry and politics. Our society must therefore accept work concerned with values as a legitimate vocational field—perhaps the only significant vocational field for the future. Otherwise, it will be unable to cope with the shift of almost the entire population out of the old areas of "employment," and most people will be forced into unemployment, hunger, and despair. If this happens, the remainder will be moved into overwhelmingly hard work, merely to keep the society going without violence or collapse—perhaps leading eventually to the use of police-state politics to keep the desperate under control.

In short, we face a crisis, the outgrowth of which will be either acceptance of political activation and democratic involvement for all—and as a paying job for vast numbers—or the acceptance of a politics in which half the society is revolutionary and the other half is tyrannical. If public understanding, acceptance, and support of the new vocation are forthcoming, then the road will be open to encourage a humane, decent, and democratic resolution of the crisis of baffling abundance.

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BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS—Beautiful house by sea—20 acres. Box N-81.

For Summer Rental

BEARPEN MOUNTAIN, Highlands, N.C. Magnificent view. 4 spacious bedrooms. Stone fireplace. $1,000 the season. Box M-895.

CAPE COD COTTAGES. Bimonthly to seasonal. Orleans-Eastham-Brewster area. Nauset Summer Rental Center, Dept. C., Orleans, Massachusetts.

BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAIN luxury lodge. Golf, swimming. By month or season. Manduley, 1060 Palmer Place, Alexandria, Virginia. 703-931-5278.

WALKER VALLEY, N.Y. Rent summer cottages. Beautiful wooded elevation. Modern facilities. Unsurpassed vacation. Unusual swimming pool. 2 hours NYC. Telephone collect 914-647-6850. No colony.

MAINE LAKE—SURRY. 5 acres, privacy, modern, 4 bedrooms. Boat, outboard, canoe. $150 week. Box M-903.

CAPE COD, MASSACHUSETTS, Hyannis area. Fully equipped summer home near beach. $125 per week. 301-762-3892.

DAMARISCOTTA LAKE, MAINE. Beautiful lodge. Weekly or monthly. M. Geisler, RFD 1, Newcastle, Maine.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—4 bedroom, 1½ bath house, including use private ocean beach. July $550. Box N-34.

VERMONT LOG CABIN, private pond. Conveniences. $65 weekly. Box N-36.

BEAUTIFUL BERKSHIRES—Summer Compound. Two lovely cottages on secluded estate, sleep 4, country kitchen fireplace, sundeck, fishing, swimming within strolling distance. $650 each for entire summer. 212-0X 7-1090, Box N-72.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

OLD SCHOOLHOUSE. Upstate New York mountains. All conveniences. Box N-45.

SUGARBUSH (WARREN), VERMONT—Unique designed 2/3 bedroom houses overlooking National Forest. Swimming, tennis, golf, horseback riding. Weekly, season. Owner, 212-MOnument 2-7653, Box N-67.

PAWLING, NY. Fantastic setting, enormous pool, Knabe grand, August $450. 212-WA 9-3058, evenings.

HOUSE WANTED

For Summer Rental

SAN FRANCISCO AREA, July. Publisher seeks house for family of seven. If desired, exchange large house New Rochelle. ARC, Larchmont, N.Y.

HOUSE TO SHARE

ARTIST, WRITER, couple share country house near Middletown, Connecticut. Box N-28.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 554 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

WASHINGTON—DuPont Circle, 1 bedroom, fully equipped, air-conditioned de luxe building, all utilities, garage. July, August, September. $250 per month. Box M-953.

For Summer Rental

EAST 80s, NYC. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths. 24 hour doormen. June 15th-September 7th. $1,500. References required. Box M-997.

BROOKLYN HEIGHTS—Charming apartment, beautiful neighborhood, spectacular harbor view, fully equipped and furnished, 2 bedrooms. 5 minutes Wall Street, 20 minutes midtown. Available between June and September. Call NYC 212-TR 6-7301.

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BEAUTIFUL VERMONT. A few well-chosen locations bordering small highland lake. Magnificent views. Ideal for four seasons or year-round homes. J. H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

NORTHERN VERMONT. Tree farmers again offer incidentally acquired houses, lots near lakes, brooks and skiing; timber tracts for recreation and investment. For Brochure write Box M-831.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Unique 5 acre setting. Unparalleled views of ocean. Private beach, tennis. Box M-738.

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BUY A SLICE OF ISLAND FOREST on inland lake in cool Ontario. Leave it wild or make it fancy but do not disturb the loons. At dusk the islands send purple spruce peaks into the twilight sky. Large lots, irregular shore lines insure privacy and selection of views without isolation and preserve the islands' uncrowded beauty. Low price because off beaten track of tourist explosion, yet excellent highway access. Lots approximately 2 to 4 acres with minimum 400 foot waterfront. Take your pick at $1,600 each. Private parking on mainland available. Only 185 miles north of Toronto or 25 miles northeast of Parry Sound. Write Jacob Pratt, Orwell, Ohio 44076.

(Continued on page 56)

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(Continued from page 55)

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PARTICIPATE newly forming cafeteria chain. Natural principles, nutrition, ethics. Box M-709.

IMPORT BUSINESS, NYC, seeks active or inactive associate. Box N-68.

CAMPS

TOMOKA FOR TEENAGERS, 13-19, Tomoka for TOTS, 4-7, Tomoka for INTERS, 8-12. 3 distinct, separate Camp Units near Tanglewood, Becket, Massachusetts. Creative Skills, Culture, Sports and Seminars. 2, 4, 6, 8 week sessions. Camp Tomoka, 17 Helene Avenue, Merrick, L.I., N.Y. 516-MA 3-0032.

TALENT DEVELOPMENT OUR SPECIALTY: Music, Dance, Drama, Fine Arts (Coed 6-16). Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 23, New Jersey.

OUT ISLAND SUMMER SEA CAMP. Tropical Staniel Cay, Exumas, Bahamas and 60' Schooner PINOCCHIO. Coed. 12-18. Diving, sailing, fishing, skiing, navigation, native arts, etc. Limit 30. July 15th-August 15th. $600. Brochure, Capt. A. Kadey, City Yacht Basin, Miami, Florida.

MAINE SAILING SCHOOL—summer camp, coed, ages 11-17, on Penobscot Bay. Some tutoring available. The Hilburns, Box 174, Lakeport, California.

LE CAMP FRANCAIS in New England. Coed, 4 to 18, special teen program. A profitable summer combining sports and French. 1200 Fifth Avenue, NYC. TRafalgar 6-4340.

WHITEMAN SCHOOL-CAMP, Colorado Mountains summer program for boys and girls, grades 7-12. Remedial reading for specific language disabilities (Gillingham Method), make up and enrichment in major traditional academic subjects. Riding, swimming, riflery, pack trips. Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

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WILL YOUR RETIREMENT be a pleasure . . . or a problem? All of your retirement needs can be provided at CRESTVIEW CLUB APARTMENTS. The newest, most carefully appointed apartment-type building in the eastern United States for those 60 years and over. Located in suburban residential Toledo, Ohio, near shopping, with good transportation. Meals, services, and guaranteed life care if and when needed for reasonable monthly fee. For full information on life lease program, write: Resident Manager, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio. You will enjoy freedom, friends and fine food at CRESTVIEW.

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GRACIOUS LIVING in beautiful seacoast village. Fine food. Entertainment, own boat and auto trips. $12-$15.50 daily includes 3 meals. Folder. Direct service from New York. Paul R. Hurlburt, Whitehall Inn, Camden, Maine.

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CRESTMONT INN, 96 Lakeview, Eagles Mere, Pennsylvania. Complete family resort. Heated pool, large natural lake. Programs for tots and teens. Golf (par 3, 18 holes regular). Modern rooms, cottages. Fine meals. Moderate rates. June 18th-September 20th. Folder.

THUNDERBIRD—Family Camping. All land, water sports. Lake. Housekeeping, Guest Accommodations, Trailer Sites. Near Tanglewood. Box N-82.

THE YODLER—Lowest rates for longest stays. Heated pool. Stowe, Vermont.

VACATIONS

PAINT-VACATION — Picturesque Maine Coast, famous artists, Second Annual Workshops. June 25th-July 3rd-August 20th-August 28th. Hillcrest Inn, Ogunquit.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

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HERITAGE HILL. Holland R.F.D., Southbridge, Massachusetts. Discover the quiet charm of our hidden-in-the-hills little Inn. Brochure.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL-MOTEL. Informal seaside relaxation. Bountiful meals. Near beach, art colony, golf. Moderate rates. Color folder. Ogunquit 2, Maine.

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THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key. Florida. New year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

VACATION at The Cliff House & Motels. Quiet. Restful. Informal. Dining Room. Cocktails. Heated Swimming Pool. Golf. May 28th to October 17th. Ogunquit 5, Maine.

BLUEBERRY HILL! June days! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE, concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios: 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan.

MAINE'S MOST COMPLETE lodging complex on beautiful Rangeley Lake, Rangeley, Maine. Inn, Motel, and Camps. 100% pollen free. Ideal for vacations. For reservations call 207-864-3341.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages for 2 to 6 guests. $85 to $115 weekly includes delicious meals. Lower June rates. Write D. R. Thompson, Owner-Manager, Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts.

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GREEN SHADOWS INN. Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, country living. Rooms and cottages.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P.O. Sunset, Maine.

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UNIQUE DEEP-WOODS LAKESIDE HIDEAWAY near Tanglewood. Rustic lodge, cottages, honeymoon cabins, outdoor music, unorganized activities, informal serenity. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts.

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VACATIONS

GET AWAY FROM IT ALL. One of the last of the Old Adirondack Inns. Roam our 130 woodland acres, swim from our private beach, enjoy your own private cottage and our fine food. Potter's, Blue Mountain Lake, New York.

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THE CLEARING—Remote, secluded, charming Berkshire country estate. Adults. Swimming pool. Brochure. Box 39, West Chesterfield, Massachusetts.

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BACK LOG CAMP, on Indian Lake, Adirondacks, New York, attracts those who love the unspoiled wilderness and actively welcome escape from civilization's "advantages." July 2nd to September 4th. Reductions for families and longer visits. Brochure: Mrs. Henry J. Cadbury, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

ACTION AND RELAXIN', that's New Hampshire—a great little state that packs your vacation with summertime fun. Crystal clear lakes, towering mountains, a rollicking coast, fine motels and restaurants . . . ask what you will, New Hampshire has it. For your free vacation kit write: Vacation Center, 130 State House Annex, Concord, New Hampshire.

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VACATIONS

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By Doris Nash Wortman

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A. Margin of a hollow vessel, esp. at the point where it might show a slight flare (4 wds.)	147 185 73 174 13 42 38 61 26 106 158
B. To delight extravagantly.	35 132 120 87 115 29 70
C. Reasonable, presumable, description of the spouse of a most uxorious man.	187 40 105 133 130 102 165 76 95
D. Mother's kinfolk.	57 41 116 160 108 7 97
E. Division or segment of an orange (word formerly much used and deserving of reinstatement in popular usage).	89 137 65 60
F. Astrologer's word for locomotion.	25 32 198 127 151 80
G. One who supplies private information, for the use of gamblers (colloq.)	50 9 152 197 1 183 143
H. Long, narrow sand bar, extending into ocean at dangerous navigation point, sometimes known as the "graveyard of the Atlantic."	15 199 156 177 46 19 123 134
I. Female harem slave.	195 172 179 74 58 126 91 138 63
J. Disparage.	111 162 186 93 164 48 101 141
K. Pip emma, to maker of engagements by phone.	170 36 14 159 67 163 99 24 140
L. One responsible for loading or unloading a ship.	149 121 30 136 3 47 18 33 71
M. Small creature useful to the gardener (colloq.)	2 169 150 37 12 188 21

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Describing something involved but not defined.	180 45 146 161 77 128 124 85
O. Botanical term for the condition of orchids, etc., which have male and female principles united in a single column.	104 53 144 49 176 98 8 131
P. Ancient galley in the Mediterranean, with six banks of oars.	190 94 72 68 82 182 22
Q. Paint with red lead or vermilion.	173 191 103 129 118 10 83
R. Arrogant.	153 23 51 184 17 201 55 56 167 125
S. Figuratively, affect as with an open sore, fester and corrupt.	92 69 168 16 62 155 52 43
T. Sequence number of the Woman Suffrage Amendment to U.S. Constitution.	122 113 64 88 59 79 157 119
U. English 19th-cent. writer, nephew and historian of Macaulay.	200 44 34 78 148 20 109 96 181
V. Son of Hector and Andromache, hurled from the walls of Troy, so that he might not restore the city and its power.	142 139 194 11 112 114 27 166
W. When, during 1964, France recognized Red China (2 wds.)	66 196 107 145 171 135 5 178 90
X. A simpleton.	28 86 192 154 81 4 117 100 75 54
Y. Bad-acting Roman politician about whom Ben Jonson wrote a play, 1603.	31 39 6 110 84 175 189

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

1 G	2 M	3 L		4 X	5 W	6 Y	7 D	8 O	9 G	10 Q	11 V		12 M	13 A		14
15 H	16 S		17 R	18 L	19 H	20 U	21 M	22 P		23 R	24 K	25 F	26 A	27 V	28 X	29
30 L	31 Y		32 F	33 L	34 U		35 B	36 K		37 M	38 A	39 Y		40 C	41 D	42
43 S	44 U	45 N	46 H	47 L	48 J	49 O	50 G	51 R		52 S	53 O	54 X	55 R		56 R	57
58 I	59 T	60 E	61 A	62 S		63 I	64 T	65 E	66 W	67 K	68 P	69 S	70 B		71 L	72
73 A	74 I	75 X	76 C	77 N	78 U	79 T		80 F	81 X	82 P		83 Q	84 Y	85 N	86 X	87
88 T	89 E	90 W		91 I	92 S	93 J	94 P	95 C		96 U	97 D	98 O		99 K	100 X	101
102 C	103 Q	104 O		105 C	106 A	107 W	108 D	109 U	110 Y	111 J	112 V		113 T	114 V		115
116 D	117 X	118 Q	119 T		120 B	121 L	122 T	123 H		124 N	125 R		126 I	127 F	128 N	129
130 C	131 O		132 B	133 C	134 H	135 W	136 L	137 E	138 I	139 V		140 K	141 J	142 V	143 G	
144 O	145 W	146 N	147 A	148 U	149 L		150 M	151 F	152 G	153 R	154 X	155 S	156 H	157 T	158 A	159
160 D	161 N		162 J	163 K		164 J	165 C	166 V	167 R	168 S	169 M		170 K	171 W	172 I	
173 Q	174 A	175 Y	176 O	177 H		178 W	179 I	180 N	181 U	182 P	183 G	184 R		185 A	186 J	
187 C	188 M	189 Y	190 P	191 Q	192 X	193 R	194 V	195 I	196 W		197 G	198 F	199 H	200 U	201 R	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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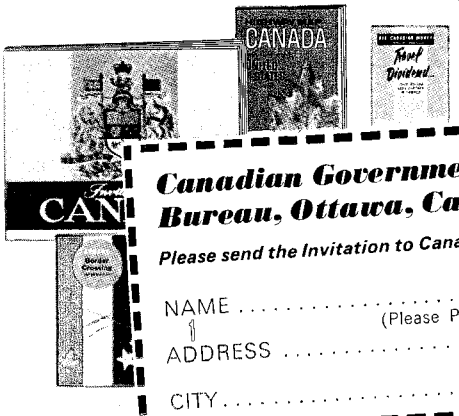

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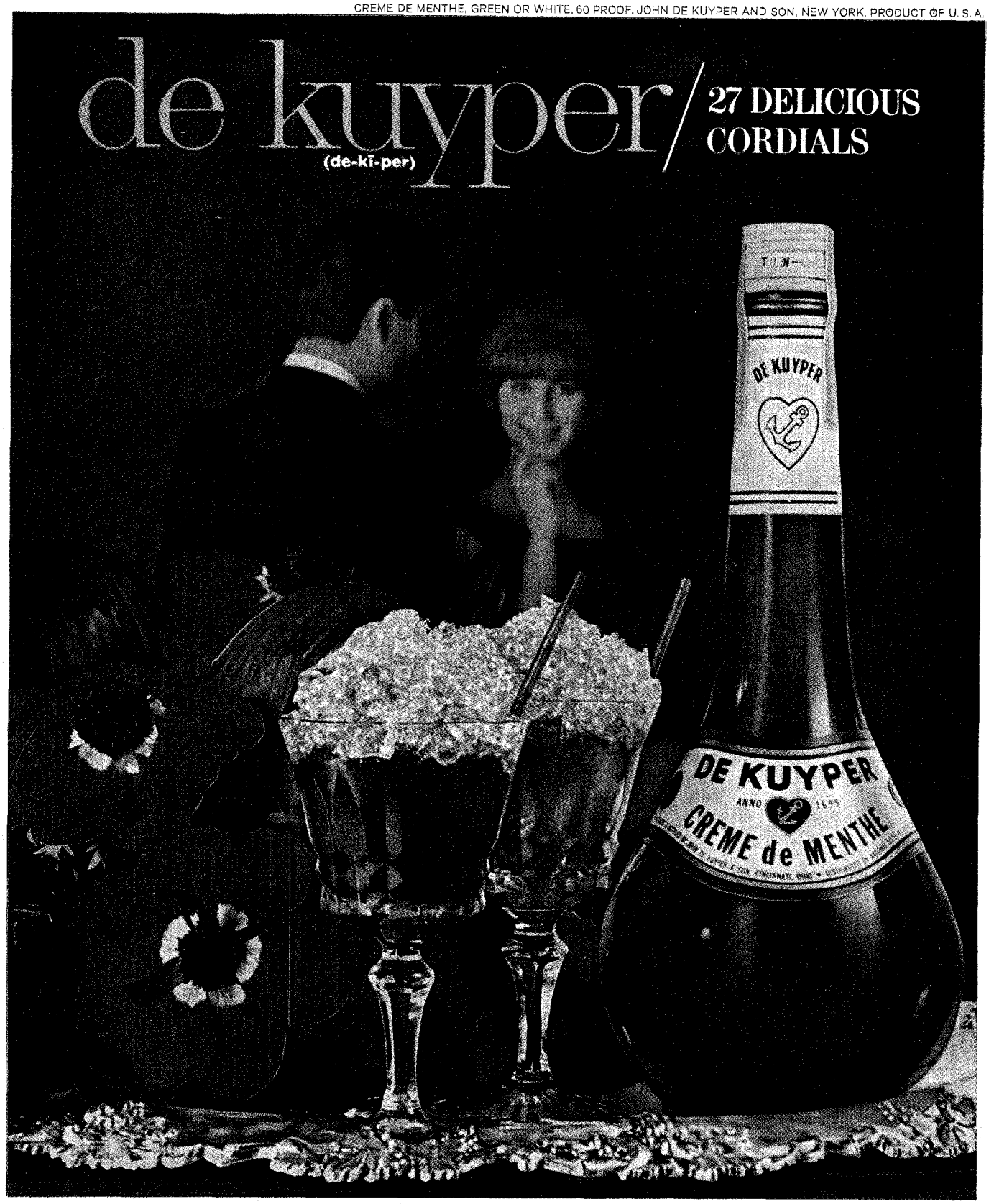

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